

# The Daily Mirror

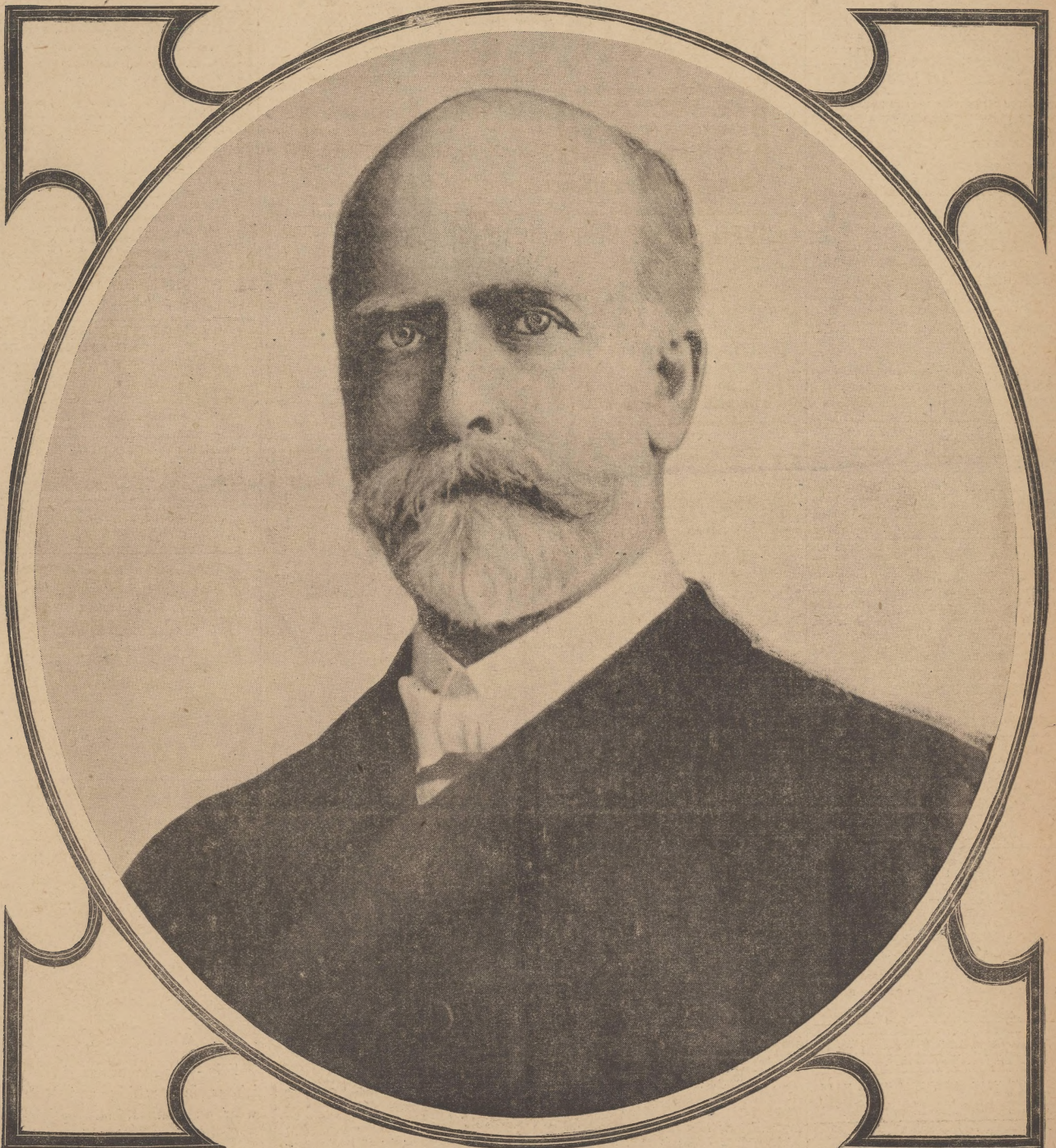
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One Halfpenny.

OPENING OF THE GREAT LONDON REVIVAL TO-DAY—DR. TORREY.



Dr. Torrey, who, with his colleague, Mr. Alexander (a portrait of whom appears on page 9), will conduct the great revival mission which opens at the Albert Hall this evening. Nine thousand tickets for reserved seats have already been allotted for the meeting. There are, in addition, 3,000 seats in the gallery for the general public. This represents an audience of 12,000—the Albert Hall's maximum capacity.—(Photograph by Reginald Haines.)



Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E C



# REVIVAL DAY.

Great Mission Opens at the  
Albert Hall To-night.

## AUDIENCE OF 12,000.

How to Get to the Mission and  
What Will Be Done.

## PEER TO PRESIDE.

This is Revival Day in London. Never before was any religious event heralded with so much proclamation and expectancy.

Under the charm of the Torrey-Alexander mission, which begins a five months' campaign at the Albert Hall to-night, all denominations and grades of church and chapel have united to wish the American evangelists God-speed.

Bishops and dignitaries of the Church of England have held out fraternal hands to the successors of Moody and Sankey, along with the leaders of Nonconformity and the headquarters staff of the Salvation Army.

The reason of this has not been far to seek. The good repute of the Torrey-Alexander mission reached London from provincial cities months ago, with glowing accounts of a great harvest of converts among all classes.

It is also true that revivalism has been in the air for some time, and the whole Christian community feels that another historical quickening of spiritual life is at once due and welcome.

### TWO MILLION HEARERS.

The Albert Hall mission is an evangelistic undertaking on a vast scale, and no man can foresee the influence it will exert upon London's millions—whether converts will be made in hundreds, thousands, or tens of thousands.

It is far and away the greatest crusade of its kind in the religious annals of the country. The highest revival wave in the Moody and Sankey campaigns never attained such a water-mark of public enthusiasm as that on which the Torrey-Alexandrians embark to-day.

The magnitude of the mission is amazing. It is estimated that the evangelists will address about three hundred meetings, comprising a total of nearly two million hearers.

Dr. Torrey was due to arrive this morning from Germany, where he has been recuperating for the work before him; and Mr. Alexander, his Sankey, came to town yesterday from Birmingham.

At to-night's monster meeting of 12,000 people at the Albert Hall, Lord Kinnaird will preside, and short addresses of welcome will be delivered by well-known London preachers.

"Have an early tea and be in good time," is the advice which Mr. Putterill, the chief organiser, asks the *Daily Mirror* to give to its hundreds of thousands of readers. This hint should be taken by ticket-holders and non-ticket-holders alike.

If the Albert Hall could have accommodated 50,000 instead of 12,000 the applications for tickets show that its capacity would still have been overtaxed.

### WEEK-END TIME-TABLE.

For the week-end the times of meetings are:—

Albert Hall, to-night . . . . . 7.30  
Albert Hall, Sunday night . . . 7.30

To-night's meeting is to be mainly of the nature of a London welcome to the American missionaries. To-morrow night's meeting will be of a purely evangelical character. It is expected that each meeting will last about two hours. There will be nothing like the far-into-the-morning meetings of the per-fervid Welsh revival.

There is another difference between to-night's and to-morrow night's meetings. Whereas to-night 9,000 seats are reserved for ticket-holders, and only the gallery, which seats 3,000, is available to those who have no tickets, on to-morrow night this order will be reversed, a block of about 2,000 stalls being set apart for ticket-holders and the remaining 10,000 seats for the general public.

### HOW TO REACH THE HALL.

Albert Hall is easily reached, either by Underground Railway, the Central London Railway, or by omnibuses that pass the place. South Kensington Station, on the Underground, is about ten minutes' walk distant. Lancaster-gate and Nottingham-gate, on the "Tube," are a similar distance, the walk lying across Kensington Gardens. People living in the north or the west may reach the hall by omnibus direct.

Half-past six will be none too soon for such as

provided they provided themselves with tickets, and ticket-holders will facilitate the work of the stewards by arriving in good time.

### NEARLY TWO MILLION HEARERS.

Some idea of the aggregate attendances anticipated at the mission during its five months in London will be gathered from the undemoted stupendous figures:—

	Attendances.
Albert Hall—Two meetings a day for fifty days—ten thousand people at each meeting—	1,000,000
Brixton Tabernacle—Two meetings a day for fifty days—six thousand people at each meeting—	600,000
Canon-street Hotel—Twenty meetings of two thousand City men—	40,000
Islington Marquee—Fifty meetings of 5,000 people—	250,000
Exeter Hall—Twenty-five Sunday afternoon meetings "for men only," estimated attendance 2,000—	50,000
Total	1,940,000

Of course it cannot be doubted that many people will make a practice of attending the meetings, so that by this total, which just falls short of two millions, only attendances are meant. Still, the total represents a colossal constituency of hearers, to say nothing of the multitude of readers reached through the secular and religious Press.

### COLOSSAL FIGURES.

Here is another table of statistics that indicate the thorough way in which the mission has been organised:—

Intimation tickets distributed	1,750,000
Applications for seats	20,000
Hymn-books for free use	10,000
Daily prayer cards	15,000
Albert Hall Choir	4,000
Bibles for helpers	1,500
Stewards	1,000
After-meeting workers	500
House-to-house visitors	800
Committee workers	100

### "DAILY MIRROR" PAMPHLET.

We publish to-day, at a penny, an interesting and handy pamphlet on the Torrey-Alexander mission, with a number of instructive illustrations. It is entitled the "Great London Revival of 1905."

Sketches and pictures are given of the evangelists and those who have been most prominently associated with the metropolitan campaign. Under eighteen separate headings all aspects of the revival are succinctly set forth, so as to give the reader a vivid idea of the mission in a brief and intelligible manner.

The pictures include a page-illustration of the words and music of the "Glory Song," and a map guide to the Albert Hall.

### WELSH APOSTLE ILL.

Mr. Evan Roberts, the Welsh revival missionary, was taken ill yesterday and was unable to leave his residence at Dowlais.

He is believed to be suffering from exhaustion consequent upon his prolonged labours.

### REVIVAL RAYS.

Dr. Torrey will exhort Christians to give up drinking, dancing, and smoking.

An optimistic member of the Council expects no fewer than 50,000 converts in London.

West End boarding-houses are rapidly filling with visitors from all parts of the country.

Dr. Torrey is resolved to leave London not a penny richer than when he entered it.

Drawing-room prayer meetings will be regularly held in the West End during the revival.

"Tell Londoners we do not want their money but their souls," wrote Mr. Alexander to a friend last week.

The mission fund is rapidly nearing £9,000 of the £17,000 needed. Collections are expected to realise £4,000.

On the morning of his conversion Dr. Torrey had jumped out of bed to commit suicide, but could not find his razor.

When Dr. Torrey decided to ask Mr. Alexander to become his mission colleague, the partnership was fixed over three hundred miles of telephone.

Neither of the evangelists will live in hotels. Dr. Torrey will be the guest of a friend, and his singing partner will lodge in apartments.

Church-goers are requested not to neglect their own places of worship to attend the Albert Hall on Sundays. The mission is mainly for non-church-goers.

Only a year ago Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander conducted a three weeks' mission at Stoke Newington. Their present undertaking presents a striking contrast.

The huge mission posters on the hoardings would cover the exterior of the Albert Hall, and the line of sandwichmen, walking ten yards apart, would extend the length of the Strand.

A gentleman who knew the twentieth century Moody in Chicago says he looked fifty at thirty, and now looks thirty at fifty—except for his white hair.

The suggested charge for using the new self-levelling bunk adopted on the steamers between Dover and Calais is £1, not 4s.

# MORE SLAUGHTER.

Ruthless Massacres Continue  
in Poland.

## 54 KILLED AND WOUNDED AT LODZ.

In Spite of Tsar's Promises the Strike  
Movement Extends.

Two facts are to be gathered from the dispatches now coming from Russia.

In the first place the fair promises made have little effect in checking the industrial upheaval of the empire. Each day the strike spreads to a new quarter.

The other fact is that officialdom is employing the most brutal measures of repression. There has been much ruthless slaughter in Russia during the past few days.

In Poland the gathering of a crowd is the signal for a volley from the soldiers. Men, women, and children are shot down indiscriminately.

There has been much blood spilt at Warsaw, Lodz, Riga, and Cracow.

A new and appalling estimate of the Warsaw massacres is made by the correspondent of the "Standard," who says that 674 persons have been killed and 1,403 wounded.

The gaols are overflowing, and temporary underground prisons have been constructed in the city ramparts, where the condition of the captives is heartrending.

## CARNAGE AT LODZ.

Troops Fire on Workmen, Killing and  
Wounding Fifty-four.

WARSAW, Friday.—Serious disturbances broke out this morning at Lodz, where there are 250,000 men on strike.

Some of the workmen employed at Messrs. Keller's lace factory attempted to return to work, but the remainder interfered, and forcibly prevented them from doing so.

A strong military patrol was summoned, and attacked and shot the strikers, who replied with revolvers. Telephone reports state that the firing continues.—Reuter.

LODZ, Friday.—The troops fired on workmen on strike at the Konnitza factory, killing six and wounding forty-eight.

A crowd which interfered with a number of men who had resumed work at Keller's factory was also fired upon by the military.—Reuter.

## FIRED WITHOUT WARNING.

Over 300 Dead Have Been Already Identified  
at Warsaw.

WARSAW, Friday.—A group of soldiers outside a spirit-shop last night fired without warning upon persons passing by, killing one shopkeeper and wounding another.

The official list of killed during the recent disturbances contains over three hundred names, in addition to many unidentified bodies.

Later.—According to a police report, fifty-seven persons have been killed, or have died from injuries received in the disturbances, including six women and three children.

It is explained that the British Vice-Consul, who is a Russian subject, was slightly injured while the troops were dispersing the crowd.—Reuter.

## 40 KILLED AT RIGA.

During the last few days volleys have been fired at the strikers and students, as a result of which forty persons were killed and 100 wounded. Among the dead were twelve students and five soldiers. It is also stated that a public meeting organised by the students of the Polytechnic School of the same town was dispersed by the police with much violence.—Exchange.

## RED FLAGS AT BATUM.

TIFLIS, Friday.—With regard to the labour movement at Batum, the "Kavkaz" states that on January 2 about four hundred workmen, at the instigation of agitators from Baku, collected near the goods station and displayed red flags with revolutionary mottoes. They fired revolver shots into the air and marched through the town scattering proclamations. Noticing Cossacks approaching, the crowd dispersed. On the following day the men again went quietly to work.

# "DAILY MIRROR" LYCEUM WEEK.

Twenty Thousand Applications for  
Monday's Free Seats.

## ALL THE TICKETS GONE.

To-day's Coupon Gives Admission to Any of  
the Remaining Performances.

By last night's post tickets for the 1,100 reserved seats at the *Daily Mirror* free matinee at the Lyceum Theatre on Monday were dispatched to those fortunate applicants whose letters, chosen at random from a batch of nearly 20,000 envelopes, came first to hand.

To the 18,769 individuals, whose applications went unrewarded solely because there were no more seats to give away, we offer our apologies. Had it been within our power every applicant would have received the seats asked for, but the Lyceum walls neither shrink nor expand, and 150,000 persons—most of the applications were for two, three, or four seats—cannot by any means be pressed into 1,100 seats.

For the disappointed ones there still remains the coupon printed in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*—and which we shall print again in Monday's *Daily Mirror*—in consequence of many complaints that yesterday's paper was sold out—entitling the holder to free admission to the pit-stalls, the amphitheatre, and the gallery on Monday afternoon.

### FROM FEERS TO PEASANTS.

Nothing would have given us greater pleasure than to have been able to scribble the 50,000 *Daily Mirror* readers, represented by the applications we received, in the Lyceum Theatre on Monday afternoon. They would have been representative of every grade of society in London. Ladies whose names are known to every newspaper reader, prominent actresses, men of title and distinction, doctors, clergymen, distinguished soldiers, well-known authors, and successful lawyers were among those who desired to be present at the opening of the *Daily Mirror* fair-priced amusement experiment.

West End clubs, from the Carlton downward, Mayfair, Belgrave, Bayswater, Kensington, and Bloomsbury, as well as the better-known suburbs—Hampton and Epsom—contributed their full quota to the mass of letters which poured into the *Daily Mirror* offices yesterday morning. From north, east, south, and west our readers wrote asking for tickets for Monday's free matinee. Several applicants lived in towns fifty or more miles away from London, and one enthusiast wrote from Hastings for a dress-circle seat, declaring his intention of coming to London on Monday morning specially to witness the performance.

### COLOSSAL ATTRACTIONS.

But Monday's free matinee is, after all, only an incident in the programme we have provided for the *Daily Mirror* week at the Lyceum Theatre. We shall give, beginning with the performance at seven o'clock on Monday evening, fourteen performances in all during the week at prices which are admittedly cheaper than have ever been offered to the public, while the entertainment we shall present will be found to be of the highest quality, embracing operatic selections sung by artists from the Paris Opera House, and varieties, interesting and amusing, performed by artists of experience and high repute.

The coupon printed at the bottom of this column to-day will entitle the holder to admission at the following prices:—

Private Boxes	Pit-stalls	Is. 6d.
Stalls	2s. 6d.	Amphitheatre
Dress-circle	1s. 6d.	Gallery

to any one of the fourteen performances during the week:—

Monday: Two evening performances, 7 o'clock and 9.15.  
Tuesday: Two evening performances, 7 o'clock and 9.15.  
Wednesday: Matinee, 3 o'clock. Two evening performances, 7 o'clock and 9.15.  
Thursday: Two evening performances, 7 o'clock and 9.15.  
Friday: Two evening performances, 7 o'clock and 9.15.  
Saturday: Matinee, 3 o'clock. Two evening performances, 7 o'clock and 9.15.

## "DAILY MIRROR" LYCEUM WEEK.

THIS COUPON WILL ADMIT THE HOLDER to the Lyceum Theatre for any one of the advertised performances during next week at the following prices:—

PRIVATE BOXES to hold 600	£1 1s. & 12s. 6d.	PIT STALLS	1s. 6d.
STALLS	2s. 6d.	AMPHITHEATRE	1s. 6d.
DRESS CIRCLE	1s. 6d.	GALLERY	1s. 6d.

Excepting the Amphitheatre and Gallery, all seats can be reserved on application with this Coupon to the Box Office, Lyceum Theatre, Strand.



## HUMBLE HEIRESSES.

Priest's Servants Come Into Legacies of £10,000 Each.

### ROMANCE OF A WILL.

A romance is revealed by the will of the Rev. Dr. William Edmond Roope, a Roman Catholic priest, of Under Rock, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, details of which were published yesterday.

The provisions of the testament convert two poor servants into heiresses. Their long and faithful service is rewarded by a bequest of £10,000 each. Mr. Roope was well-to-do, but lived in modest style, his household consisting of two servants, Miss Cecily Guy and Miss Ruth Blaza.

He died on September 23 of last year, and it was found that he had made his will as long ago as May 28, 1895.

The value of his estate was £48,725 16s. 8d., and by the terms of his ten-year-old will each of his servants inherits £10,000.

Miss Guy and Miss Blaza are further named as executrices of the will.

To Miss Guy he has also bequeathed the life-long use of his freehold residence at Under Rock, and all his household furniture and effects absolutely.

The residue of his property goes to the children of Gerard and Charles Henry Roope, to be shared equally.

On the death of Miss Guy the house at Under Rock becomes the property of William Gerard Roope.

The terms of this will occasioned very considerable surprise, and there was some delay before it was admitted to probate.

An affidavit of due execution was obtained from the witnesses, Dr. J. Livesey Whitehead and Mr. Hugh Day, who is the postmaster of Bonchurch.

In the face of this document no opposition to the will was possible, and the humble heiresses stepped into possession of their fortunes.

### WAR OF RIFLES.

Army Experts Divided on the Merits of the New Short Weapon.

The question of the short versus the long rifle is now being hotly debated in military circles.

The case against the new weapon is a potent one.

It is five inches shorter than the Lee-Metford, has never been thoroughly tested, is a cavalry weapon only, of shorter range than its predecessor, and is said to be inferior as regards penetration and accuracy.

On the other hand, it is said that one hundred of these rifles have been thoroughly tested in Somaliland.

The men liked them, and shot well with them, the increase in recoil was inappreciable, while the advantage gained in lightness—over one pound—was much appreciated.

### POLICE SCANDAL.

Jail at Manchester Delayed While Lock of Prisoner's Cell Is Picked.

An unusual incident delayed the opening of the trial at Manchester Assizes yesterday of six market constables charged with conspiring with a man named Kemp to rob market stalls.

Justice Wills explained, when the Court opened, that the lock of the cell in which Kemp was detained had slipped, and they would have to wait until an engineer picked the lock.

When the trial opened the prosecution alleged that Kemp had systematically robbed stalls of tinned goods and provisions, and that some of the prisoners had stood by while he was plundering them.

The goods were placed on a stall where Kemp was a salesman, and afterwards sent to the prisoners' homes.

The trial was adjourned.

### AN APPEAL TO CONSCIENCE.

Honour Bright.—Would the gentleman who ran over a cyclist in Hyde Park on Wednesday, February 1, and smashed his bicycle up and left him in a very ungentlemanlike manner kindly apply to —

Interviewed yesterday, the advertiser, who explained that he was riding slowly behind the phaeton when the driver, without any warning, suddenly turned his horse and knocked the cyclist over, leaving him unconscious. He gave no name or address to the onlookers, but the victim has hopes that the owner of the phaeton has a conscience, and will remit the price of his bicycle.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is writing a life of Charles Dickens "as revealed in his writings."

## SULTAN IN LONDON.

His Majesty of Zanzibar To Be Received by the King.

Seyyid Ali Hamud, the young Sultan of Zanzibar, is in London, staying at the Carlton Hotel with his secretary, Ali Mohammed, and Sheikh-Serhan-Bim-Nasur. The visit to England is entirely unofficial, and has no political motive.

The Prince stayed in all morning yesterday, and took luncheon in his rooms with Sir Clement Hill and his doctor. Afterwards he drove out in the Park in a pair-horsed Victoria, accompanied by his secretary.

In appearance the ruler of the East African state is a dapper little fellow, twenty years of age, with ebony complexion, and a slight-black moustache. He wears a dark lounge suit, with overcoat to match, and a red fez.

The Sultan was educated at Harrow and Oxford, and eats and drinks like a European.

At the Carlton Hotel he partakes of the various French dishes prepared by the chef, and appears to be in the best of health. He will spend some days in London, and will be received by the King during his stay.

Already he has learnt some of the ways of a big city. Yesterday morning at ten a well-appointed brougham drove up, and a brown paper parcel franked by a perfumed note was sent to the Sultan's rooms.

He tore open the letter. The bearer was waiting. It was a courteous invitation from a well-known dealer in prints to look at his samples—contained in the parcel. Seyyid Ali will not be caught again.

### HON. MARGARET HAMILTON,



Eldest daughter of Lord Helm-patrick, whose death, at the age of twenty-five, is just announced.—(Langfrier.)

### WORLD'S PREMIER DIAMOND.

Is It Practicable to Get Subscriptions to Buy It for the King?

The proposal that the newly-discovered Premier diamond should be purchased by means of a shilling fund and presented to the King as a national heirloom seems to be a very practical suggestion.

This diamond, the largest in the world, would be a worthy symbol of the nation's greatness.

Yesterday the *Daily Mirror* was informed by Mr. Friedland, manager in London of Messrs. S. Neumann and Co., who are agents for the Premier Diamond Mine, that, although the stone was of fine colour, he thought it could be bought for £2,000,000, which could be raised by a shilling subscription by the population of the United Kingdom alone, which is just over forty-one millions.

But it is not yet decided whether the stone will be sold in its entirety or cut up.

When the diamond arrives in London it will be lodged at the offices of Messrs. S. Neumann and Co., in Holborn-viaduct.

### NEW FISCAL FACT.

Mr. Brodrick yesterday made an interesting reply to the deputation of the Indian Tea Association, who asked that the 8d. per lb. import duty on tea should be reduced.

The Secretary for India said it was remarkable that the deputation had produced evidence that the higher duty, which was always supposed to fall upon the consumer as a matter of course, had, to a large extent, fallen on the producer. That was a most serious and important addition to their store of fiscal knowledge.

## WATER-BURST.

Flood of 20,000,000 Gallons Devastates the Cheshire Countryside.

### REMARKABLE SCENES.

A flood of a remarkable description swept the country side near Eaton, in the Tarporley district of Cheshire, in the early hours of yesterday morning.

One of those enormous 42in. pipes which supply the City of Liverpool with water from Lake Vyrnwy, in Wales, burst, and a volume of 20,000,000 gallons was released, and in a huge, irresistible torrent poured over the surrounding country, sweeping everything in its course, and ploughing up the surrounding roads in deep furrows.

Happily, at the time there was no traffic, or serious loss of life would have been inevitable, and, as it was, the district in the twinkling of an eye found itself confronted with what might easily have proved an awful calamity.

Had it not been for the fact that the automatic alarms were in perfect order, the great deluge would have remained unchecked to work terrible havoc and destruction.

The attendants, however, were at once warned by the mechanism alluded to, and immediately shut off the supply.

Despite this prompt action, however, enormous damage was done to property and the wonder is that the burst was unaccompanied by loss of life.

The awful possibilities of the accident may be gathered from the fact that the Vyrnwy Reservoir, which is four and three-quarter miles in length and half a mile in breadth—it contains no less than 13,125,000 gallons of water.

Memories of past disasters are sufficient to indicate the potentialities of a flood fed from such a source.

In the disaster of the Bradford Reservoir, at Sheffield, in 1864, 230 lives were lost. In 1874, in a similar disaster in Mill River Valley, Northampton, Massachusetts, several villages were destroyed and 144 persons perished. The death-roll of the most recent calamity of the kind—that of a reservoir in the Vosges, when two villages were overwhelmed—was 110.

### PRINCESS VICTORIA.

Progress So Satisfactory That the King Leaves Town To-day.

Princess Victoria is now on the high road to recovery. She passed a restful night, and so favourable is her progress that the evening bulletin has been discontinued.

The King will go by motor-car via Acton and Uxbridge to Mentmore at about three o'clock this afternoon, on his promised visit to Lord Rosebery.

The satisfactory news was telegraphed early to all members of the Royal Family out of London.

Yesterday's callers, though numerous, were very much fewer than on previous days.

The royal invalid received some exquisite presents of flowers yesterday from various personal friends and sympathisers. One was a basket of loose primroses and violets, which had been brought all the way from the Riviera by special messenger.

### NO LONGER FOR THIS WORLD.

"Chamber of Horrors" Leads a Girl To Take Her Life on the Eve of Her Wedding.

All the mystery which at first surrounded the death of the Isleworth servant, Emily King, who was found in the garden of her mistress's house with her throat cut, was removed at the inquest yesterday.

A letter left by the girl, who was shortly to be married to a soldier, contained the words: "I am no longer for this world."

Evidence was given which tended to show that the girl's mind had been unbinged by a visit to a "Chamber of Horrors" at a waxworks exhibition.

After the visit, which she made in company with her sweetheart, she frequently remarked that she wished she had not seen "those people."

A verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity was returned.

### SUSPICIOUS DANISH PORK.

Danish pork is acquiring a very unsavoury reputation.

According to the medical officer of the City of London, during the first fortnight of last month forty-nine pigs were seized, in spite of the fact that the pork is officially guaranteed.

The value of the bacon imported from Denmark last year was £4,582,420.

### PENSION FOR SIR FRANCIS JEUNE.

The "London Gazette" last night stated that the King has been pleased to grant to Sir Francis Jeune an annuity of £3,500.

## FIGHT FOR A PASS.

Failure of a Desperate Night Attack by Japanese.

A desperate struggle has taken place in Manchuria for the possession of the Chen-ha-lin Pass.

It began with a night attack by the Japanese, who found the Russian forces too strong, and retired, leaving 100 killed and many wounded.

The Russian losses, according to a St. Petersburg estimate, were much lighter. The most connected account yet received of the fighting that has taken place in Manchuria since January 25 is supplied in Marshal Oyama's last dispatch.

The net result of it is that the Japanese left now hold the line of the Hunho, its extensive point resting on the right banks of that river.

During the five days' fighting the Japanese casualties were 7,000 in all, and Marshal Oyama estimates the Russian losses at 10,000.

A St. Petersburg message places the Russian losses at the higher figure of 13,000.

An Exchange message from St. Petersburg says there is reliable authority for the statement that General Gripenberg was asked to resign command of the Second Army and has refused. He will, therefore, be recalled.

A Reuter dispatch from General Oku's army states that it is evident both Manchurian armies are preparing for a general engagement as soon as the weather moderates.

### DISEASES THAT PAY.

Doctors Give Good Fees for Cases Which Promise Instruction.

The man with ankylotomiasis, or miner's worm, who is offered £1 a week to remain in Wigan Hospital for the edification of the medical fraternity, is by no means the only patient with a money-making disease.

A man who had been operated upon for gangrenous appendicitis and cholecystitis has recently been brought forward and exhibited at many lectures to medical societies, receiving fees for the ordeal.

Until quite lately a man with a bullet in his heart was going round to the various London hospitals, getting 2s. 6d. here and 5s. there for submitting himself to X-ray examination.

"Good fees will be willingly paid for peculiar cases which promise instruction and experience to the profession," said a doctor to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

### ENLARGING LONDON.

Railway Projects That Will Bring the Suburbs Closer.

During the coming Parliamentary session consideration will be given to a number of Bills for "enlarging" suburban London by means of increased traffic accommodation.

The Great Eastern, the North London, and the South-Eastern Railways will apply for powers to extend their systems, and the Great Western are to the fore with a project to have a new station adjoining that of the Central London at Shepherd's Bush to afford a connecting link between the "Tube" to the Bank and their line by which it is proposed to serve a large district north of Ealing.

The London United Tramways propose extensions to Staines, Cranford, and Kempton Park; to Wimbledon and Merton; to Thames Ditton and to Willesden.

## Rita's New Novel,

### "THE CORRIDOR OF SILENCE"

Appears in NUMBER 1. of

### "COSY CORNER NOVELS,"

ON WEDNESDAY NEXT.

A 6/- Novel for 1d.

ON WEDNESDAY NEXT.



## SALVATION SHIP.

The "Army" Charters a Liner for 1,000 Emigrants.

## INTERESTING SCHEME.

The Salvation Army has chartered the Atlantic liner Vancouver, 5,251 tons, of the Dominion Line, to sail from Liverpool on April 26, carrying more than 1,000 emigrants to Canada.

"Colonel" D. C. Lamb, who has control of the arrangements for this unique Salvation Army enterprise, told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that the passengers range from persons possessing capital, in a few cases more than £1,000, to working people with scarcely any belongings.

"One family is worth £4,000. They came to us for guidance, knowing that we are absolutely disinterested."

"Working men who have sold all they possessed, realising £10 or £15, are receiving temporary assistance from our funds."

"Among them are a few Salvationists, but the scheme has no connection with the religious work of the army."

"No attempt will be made to proselytise our passengers, who represent all creeds; some even are Roman Catholics."

"We have, of course, obtained references as to good character, and on the application form a statement as to religious sect must be made. This, however, is only to enable us to send emigrants to the right district."

"It will be a teetotal voyage. There will be no intoxication, no swearing, no horseplay. But smoking-rooms will be available."

"The berths are divided into second and third

PASSENGERS BY "SALVATION ARMY LINER."



One of the families to be sent to Quebec by the Dominion liner Vancouver, specially chartered by the Salvation Army to convey over a thousand emigrants to Canada.

class, the former costing £7 10s., and the latter £5 10s., children half-price, and dogs £2.

"Last year we conveyed 4,200 persons to Canada. One, a Suffolk farm labourer, who was earning 12s. 6d. a week over here, is now, with the help of his family, able to earn £5."

"We hope to make a profit out of the trip, all of which will go to our emigration fund. It is not a colonising scheme, but simply an effort to assist and advise people who desire to emigrate, and to put them in the districts most suitable to their needs."

**CHILDREN TEETHING**

TO MOTHERS.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S**

**Soothing Syrup**

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## DOOMED TRAMCAR.

How 6,000 Motor-Omnibuses Will Revolutionise London Traffic.

The doom of the electric tramcar is threatened by the motor-omnibus.

The latter, free from the restrictions of a set route and with special qualities of speed and comfort, bids so far not only to become a familiar feature in London streets, but an important factor in the solution of the traffic problem of the metropolis.

Due importance was attached to this fact by Mr. Henry Clinch, who told the shareholders of the Associated Omnibus Company yesterday that the reserve fund had been strengthened with a view to putting motor-omnibuses on the road little by little. The directors welcomed these vehicles as likely to prove successful in running powers, earning capacity, and public convenience. Cost to the ratepayers of laying expensive tramways would be saved, and for each properly-constructed motor-omnibus placed on the road, two horse-drawn vehicles would be removed.

It is estimated that in London at present seventy motor-omnibuses are in use, that 250 are on order, and that in five years' time no fewer than 6,000 will be employed in the metropolis.

Birmingham provides a striking example of the favour with which the new public vehicle is regarded.

The new omnibuses are very popular and are not objectionable on the ground of either noise or odor. They have been run for over two years without loss of life and with only prosecution as to dangerous speed.

Messrs. Thornycroft, of Chiswick, have instituted a motor-omnibus service between Farnham and Haslemere.

## WAIL OF THE RAIL.

"Saviour of the S.E.R." Laments Tramway Competition.

Sir Edward Leigh Pemberton had yesterday to inform the shareholders of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway that there had been two millions decrease in the number of passengers, meaning a loss of £24,686.

This arose from depression of trade, and want of employment in the East End accounted for a large decline in workmen's tickets. The old story of tramway competition was also retold.

One shareholder thought this tramway competition would kill itself, remarking on the greater convenience and comfort of motor-omnibuses; and another speaker roused a welcome ring of laughter by saying that the Press were always running anok of the Chatham R. Railway, which, as a matter of fact, had been the saviour of the S.E.R.

That notable December fog cost the company £4,000 in additional expense, irrespective of loss of traffic.

## SACKCLOTH AND PLUSH.

Chinese Grandee Again Appears in Court in a Dazzling Costume.

The Chancery action about mines which his Excellency Chang Yen Mao is bringing against Mr. Moring, an English gentleman, and other defendants, is going along very nicely and taking the normal course of all Chancery actions.

Yesterday the tenth day of the suit was reached, and, with intervals, the case has almost reached the length which his Excellency terms a "moon."

All the six K.C.s engaged in the suit have made speeches, but Mr. Haldane, K.C., who is counsel for one of the interests involved, has not yet "opened his case."

Yesterday was devoted to the evidence of Mr. Moring, who delighted the great array of counsel by declaring that he never does anything without consulting a lawyer.

Chang Yen Mao, whose dazzling presence has been denied to the court during the past week, again appeared, looking especially bland in a cloak of rich brown plush-like material and a skirt of what appeared to be sackcloth.

It is hardly necessary to say that the case was again adjourned.

## NEW JUDGE

With grave, judicial air, Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane took his seat in the Admiralty Court for the first time as a Judge.

He bowed gravely to a crowded court, and replied in suitable terms to the congratulations of Mr. J. C. Priestley, K.C., and Mr. Butler Aspinall, K.C., representing the Divorce and Admiralty Bars.

## YUKON'S LADY DETECTIVE.

A lady inspector of gold dust is the only female Government official in Canada's Arctic goldfields. Her duty is to prevent members of her own sex from smuggling gold out of the country without paying the prescribed royalty.

## PLATONIC FRIENDS.

Unexpected Complications from a Discussion on Wagnerian Music.

## WALK AFTER CHURCH.

Attention was drawn yesterday in the Divorce Court to the dangers that lurk behind platonic friendship. If it had not been for what she is positive was only platonic friendship, if it had not been for an academic discussion on the technique of "Tannhauser," Mrs. Rose Fanny Frowd might not have found herself in the witness-box of the president's court.

She is respondent in a case that is to be tried in the near future, and as she is leaving England almost immediately, her evidence was allowed to be taken before the main body of the case is heard.

She told the Court how, when living separated from her husband, she made the acquaintance of a Mr. Ernest Eldridge, a young man under twenty-one years of age; "a boy," she called him. She met him at a dance, and afterwards went to the same music master for lessons.

Walk After Church.

One Sunday night in October last year she attended St. James's Church, and found that her friend was one of the congregation. Very politely he escorted her to her home afterwards.

On the tram she discussed with him points in "Tannhauser" music. To illustrate these points on the piano she invited her friend to come into the drawing-room of the house where she was staying. Another lady was present while the demonstration on the piano took place.

After this she noticed that she was being followed when she went out by men whom she suspected to be detectives. She turned round suddenly upon one of them, and he admitted that he was following her.

But worse was to follow. She discovered that Mr. Eldridge had made a confession, compromising her. She told him that he had been "a dreadful coward," and he excused himself on the ground that he had been frightened into making a statement.

Kissed Against Her Will.

Mr. Barnard cross-examined Mrs. Frowd with a view to showing that she had overstepped the bounds of platonic friendship. Mrs. Frowd indignantly declared that she had not.

Once Mr. Eldridge had kissed her, but it was against her will, and done as a joke.

Some passages out of notes written by Mrs. Frowd to Mr. Eldridge were read by Mr. Barnard. One passage said, "I shall keep out of your way, and go to church as usual." Another was, "Don't admit ever having kissed me."

The proceedings were adjourned until the whole case comes on for trial.

## ENGAGED IN STATE BUSINESS

Matrimonial Adventures of an Alleged Bogus Equerry to the King.

A sensational arrest of a man who is alleged to have represented himself as Lieutenant-Colonel Molesworth McDonald, Equerry to the King, has been made at Birkenhead.

For some time a "lieutenant-colonel" has been defrauding Dublin tradesmen, and the same military officer has been wanted on the banks of the Mersey.

In Dublin he wooed and won a lady under false pretences. He told her he was a colonel in the Army "engaged on State business," had a castle in Scotland, and a magnificent yacht.

In Birkenhead "Colonel McDonald" is alleged to have passed as "Dr. Morse."

At any rate, acting on this belief, the police arrested "Dr. Morse" at Birkenhead, where he was living in great style, and yesterday he was taken to the Irish capital.

## £3,000 DIVORCE DAMAGES.

Mr. Charles George Gamble, a Dublin solicitor, who on Thursday obtained a divorce from his wife, was yesterday awarded £3,000 damages against Mr. Charles Guy, the co-respondent.

Mrs. Gamble is said to be now living in Canada with Mr. Guy, who was formerly an officer on H.M.S. Melampus.

## GIRL HIGHWAY ROBBER.

Daisy Dare sounds, like Dick Turpin, a fit name for a highway robber, even though she be a girl of only nine.

Daisy's daring was to strike a child of ten in the face, knocking out two of her teeth, and then to take £17 which she was carrying from her.

Mr. Fordham sentenced the prisoner to six weeks' imprisonment in the second division.

## "DEAD" MAN REVIVES.

Mourners Startled by the "Corpse" Asking a Question.

"Did you think I was dead?" inquired the supposed corpse of William Haylett, addressing a group of startled mourners.

They had every reason for thinking him dead. Haylett, an old resident of Downham Market, had hovered between life and death for weeks.

Finally, he sank into what was thought the insensibility of death. His heart ceased to beat, his limbs became rigid, and he failed to respond to the customary tests applied in such cases.

His son was hastily summoned, and it was when a family group had gathered round his bed some hours later that he opened his eyes and asked his very natural question.

The effect on some of his female relatives was so marked that they have not yet recovered from the shock.

But for a man of seventy-five—and a "dead" man at that—William Haylett is now said to be doing very well.

## OLD MAN'S LAST FAREWELL.

"What Have I To Do but Take a Leap in the Dark?"

Having been robbed of his scanty means, John Dredrea, an old man, ended his sorrows by jumping into the Thames from the Embankment. He left the following strange letter:—

I have no money, no food, and no place to lay my head to-night. I have been living at Roston House, King's Cross.

Last Monday night when I went to bed I put my purse with £1 8s. in it under my sheet. The next day my purse was missing.

I have only had 2s. or 3s. to live on since. Now I have nothing to pay for a bed or a meal, so what have I to do but to take a leap in the dark?

I am an old man in my seventy-fifth year.  
JOHN DREDREA.

Since last summer Dredrea had been living on £34, compensation for a motor accident. Suicide during temporary insanity was the verdict of a Westminster coroner's jury yesterday.

## CITY DEATH TRAP.

Three Hundred Employes, in Case of Fire, "Would Be Burned Alive."

Sensational evidence was given at the City Coroner's inquiry yesterday into the cause of the fire on the premises of Farwigs and Co., tinware manufacturers, in Upper Thames-street.

The premises, which consist of seven storeys, Mr. Gamble, the second officer of the Fire Brigade, described as being very dangerous for the 300 employes.

Colonel Fox, chief of the Salvage Corps, said that if a serious fire occurred in the building the employes would not be suffocated but "worse than that, they would be burned alive." The exits were bad.

The jury found that the fire was caused by a gas stove having been improperly turned off, and added a rider to the effect that adequate means of exit should be immediately provided.

## TRAGIC CAREFULNESS.

Means used to protect her baby by Mrs. Biggs, the wife of a Civil Service clerk, of Brixton, caused its death.

She tied the child to the bed with a cord round its waist. A little later it was found dangling from the side of the cot dead, having evidently got the rope partly round its neck and been slowly strangled.

Sentenced to two months' hard labour at Brentford yesterday, Henry Mallett, a Twickenham fitter, was stated to have taken a running kick at a policeman and "literally kicked him off the ground."

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## "DAILY MIRROR" GENERAL ELECTION.

What Our Canvass Shows on the  
Welsh Border.

### MORE LIBERAL GAINS.

Expected Defeat of the Financial Secretary  
for War at Macclesfield.

The results of the *Daily Mirror* canvass have from the first shown a consistent loss of Government seats.

The returns from Cheshire, Shropshire, Hereford, and Monmouth, which we publish this morning, give further evidences of the great Liberal revival which the next appeal to the constituencies is certain to indicate.

So far, the general position is as follows:—

	1900.	Next Election.
Conservatives	290	181
Liberals	77	136

A comparative table showing the political representation of Cheshire, Hereford, Monmouth, and Shropshire in 1900, and as foreshadowed at the next election, is appended:—

	Seats.	1900 Election.	Coming Election.
1. Cheshire	12	9	6
2. Hereford	3	0	3
3. Monmouth	4	2	1
4. Shropshire	5	0	3
	24	19	13

The seats which will probably undergo a political change of representation at the next election are the following:—

LIBERAL GAINS (G).	CONSERVATIVE GAIN.
Birkenhead.	
Chester.	Nil.
Macclesfield.	
Monmouth, S.	
*Oswestry.	
Shrewsbury.	

Net Liberal gain: Six seats.  
\*Won at a by-election.

The most striking forecast to-day is the expected defeat of Mr. Bromley-Davenport, the Financial Secretary for War, at Macclesfield, a constituency which has hitherto been looked upon as an impregnable Conservative fortress.

Subjoined are the predicted results in detail:—

#### CHESHIRE.

Altrincham—Mr. Coningsby Disraeli (C.). No change. Although the fiscal policy will affect the majority, the political contour of the constituency will always remain Conservative.

Crewe—Mr. James Tomkinson (L.). No change. Edisbury—Colonel Cotton-Jodrell (C.). No political change, but diminished majority.

Hyde—Mr. Edward Chapman (C.). No change, although the swing of the pendulum may appreciably reduce the majority. There is an absence of activity on both sides in the constituency.

Knutsford—The Hon. Alan de Tatton Egerton (C.). No change. The prospective Liberal candidate has the active support of Lord Stanley of Alderley, who is trying to revive the apparently dying embers of Liberalism in the county.

Macclesfield—Mr. W. W. Brocklehurst (L.). Liberal gain. Mr. Bromley-Davenport, the Financial Secretary to the War Office, has represented the constituency for eighteen years. The Liberal candidate is the largest silk employer in the town, and son of a former member for the division. The expected result will be largely due to the introduction of Chinese labour in South Africa and the attitude of Mr. Bromley-Davenport in supporting Lord Penrhyn in his labour fight with his employees.

Northwich—Sir John Brunner (L.). No change. A walk-over probable. In this division the fiscal question is regarded as a by no means vital issue.

Wirral—Mr. Joseph Houlst (C.). No change. The sitting member's namesake, Mr. Edwin Houlst, is the Liberal candidate, but the fact that he went to prison rather than pay his education rate has been regarded as a tactical error, the passive resistance movement not being greatly favoured even by the Liberals in the division.

Birkenhead—Mr. Vivian (L.). Liberal gain. The expected result will be due to the division of the Conservative vote between Sir Elliott Lees and Mr. Kensis, son of the late founder of the Protestant crusade. Birkenhead has always returned a Conservative.

Chester—Mr. Alfred Mond (L.). Liberal gain. Mr. Yerburgh, who has sat for the constituency for eighteen years, has aroused the hostility of the working men by supporting the Chinese Labour Ordinance.

(Continued on page 10.)

## ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A fine male specimen of a bittern was recently shot on Wheldrake Ings, near York.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Lord Lieutenant, visited the National Museum in Dublin yesterday.

Motor-propelled ambulances are in project for London, and a lengthened experiment is to be entered upon to decide the form of vehicle.

An affection of the eye prevented the Bishop of Birmingham from being present at York to officiate at the consecration of the Bishop of Carlisle.

Complaints that certain referees are shortsighted, or colour-blind, have decided the Lancashire Football Association to subject all referees on the junior list to a test before next season.

Cardiff's ex-Mayor, Alderman J. Jenkins, has distinguished himself by assisting a constable to arrest a violent Irishman. Yesterday the prisoner was brought before the Alderman for trial.

High rates levied by local authorities are "killing the goose that lays the golden egg," says Sir William Makins, yesterday. Manufacturers are leaving London to avoid the heavy charges.

London's retail confectioners are up in arms against the new Shop Hours Act, which, they say, threatens them with ruin. It involves earlier closing if a two-thirds majority of shopkeepers so decide.

Co-operative haircutting will soon be in full swing at Woolwich, where the Arsenal Co-operative Society are opening a hairdressing department. There will be one section for ladies, and another for gentlemen.

After living in the Thames for several years, the smallpox hospital ships *Castalia* and *Endymion* have been sold for £7,790, which sum is to go towards the cost of erecting additional buildings at Joyce Green Hospital.

Macclesfield's silk trade dispute was satisfactorily settled yesterday, the men's demands having been conceded.

A big landslide in an Aberdeen sandpit yesterday caused the death of a labourer named Cruickshank. Another man is not expected to recover.

Congleton was crimeless for seven weeks, and then the only case to come up was that of a Macclesfield man summoned for driving without a light. He was not fined.

Birmingham Anti-Corset League now has fifty-three members. If they wish to get their doctrines adopted generally, Dr. Roscoe Badger told them, they must avoid exaggeration.

"Change of designation: The King has been pleased to approve of the 16th (Queen's) Lancers being in future designated—16th (The Queen's) Lancers." This is an Army Order.

In memory of Thomas Beach, a famous painter who studied under Sir Joshua Reynolds, a brass tablet will be unveiled next Friday in All Saints' Church, Dorchester, by a great-grand-niece of the artist.

At the end of this month the famous training-ship *Exmouth* is to be offered for sale by auction. The *Exmouth* lad's under training will go into camp at Go'e Farm, pending the arrival of the new ship.

"Gas is holding its own with electricity," said the chairman at yesterday's meeting of the Gas Light and Coke Company. There had been an increase of 14,949 automatic meter-consumers and 2,377 ordinary consumers in six months.

Moorings of obsolete warships in the Firth of Clyde has aroused indignation among yachtsmen, who fear that the vessels will interfere with their sport. It is claimed, on the other hand, that the ships will attract visitors during the summer.

## WORLD'S BIGGEST DIAMOND.



The great diamond, weighing 3 632 carats, the world's biggest diamond, which was recently discovered at Johannesburg. It measures four and a half inches by two and a quarter inches. This drawing represents the exact size of the diamond from the cabled measurements.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given £100 towards the restoration of Culross Abbey.

The funeral of the late Countess of Stamford and Warrington took place yesterday.

"Is smoking a sin?" is the topic to be preached on by the Rev. W. Currie, of Church Army fame, at St. Mary-at-Hill, Monument, to-morrow evening.

A Yorkshire passive resister told the magistrates yesterday that he was ready to resist the rate 3,000 times. He will have to live a long time to do this, for the rate is only levied twice a year.

A Roman pottery kiln in an almost perfect state has been discovered in the cell of "King Charles's House" in the corn market at Worcester, whence that monarch escaped after the battle of Worcester.

"Pass people on the right and turn to the right when meeting persons" is a notice just posted in several main streets by a municipal council. Willful offenders in this matter are liable to be fined in accordance with a local by-law.

Remarkable progress is recorded in the first annual report of the company running the Garden City in Hertfordshire. The city has the most modern equipments, and the Mansion House Unemployed Committee are to send men to work on the estate.

Is a musical instrument a tool? This is the question troubling the official receiver of Cheltenham, where a debtor begged permission to retain a double bass, which, he said, was the only means left to him of making a living. The problem has been referred to the Board of Trade.

Voice production on scientific principles is interesting the Bishop of Bristol and the Dean of Bristol. The latter states he is ashamed of his fellow-creatures when he hears them singing the "Told-soxol" kind of song so common at public dinners, and thinks everybody ought to study good music.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal  
Photographs in To-day's  
"Daily Mirror."

## ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

### THE TWO GREAT REVIVALISTS.

It is safe to say that no religious mission ever held in London has aroused such widespread interest as that to be opened to-day at the Royal Albert Hall by Dr. Torrey and Mr. Charles Alexander.

The achievements of the famous evangelist and his singing colleague will be watched with the keenest attention, so that we are particularly glad to be able to place before our readers to-day, on pages 1 and 9, the finest portraits of them that have ever been taken.

Both those who are able to go to one of the great meetings at the Albert Hall and those unable to do so will doubtless be equally interested in these fine photographs, for in the one case they will have a value as souvenirs of what cannot fail to be a remarkable experience, and in the other they will enable many who cannot see them in the flesh to realise the appearance of two very notable personalities.

### DISCREDITED PRESS CENSOR.

M. Svereff, the head of the chief Press Administration at St. Petersburg, whose portrait will be found on page 8, has been dismissed from his post.

Although he did his work so thoroughly that of long messages sent to us from the Russian capital often only one or two meaningless sentences came to hand—and in the case of a well-known novel he marked out entire chapters before he passed it for circulation in the Tsar's dominions—he has been judged to be not sufficiently thorough in his methods.

The "head and front" of his offending is plain enough. Demoralised by the fearful events of St. Petersburg's Black Sunday, he allowed the truth about the massacres to get beyond the Russian frontiers, so that the whole world knew the measure of the great crime done in the name of autocracy by the Grand Dukes and their creatures.

Accordingly M. Svereff has to make way for someone who can be trusted not to lose his head in an emergency.

### ASSASSINS OF SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

One of the greatest tragedies in this most tragic period of Russian history took place at the Saxe Gardens at Warsaw, of which we give a picture on page 8.

There the military found it necessary to shoot down over twenty schoolchildren, whose only crime was that, finding an opportunity for mischief during the disturbances of the past few days, they had been obliterating the shopkeepers' signs with white-wash. None of these poor little victims of the brutality of the soldiery was over sixteen years of age, and most of them were only twelve or thirteen.

### REHEARSING A STATE PROCESSION.

On page 8 we reproduce a photograph showing the famous team of cream-coloured ponies which always draw the royal coach in state processions being taken over the route they will have to traverse on the occasion of the opening of Parliament by the King on St. Valentine's Day.

The historic creams are high-spirited animals and live a life of luxurious idleness in ordinary times; so, when any state procession is in prospect, it is always found advisable to rehearse them carefully in the part they will have to play in order that at the function itself they may behave with dignity and steadiness.

Attached to a heavy vehicle they are taken over the route appointed at exactly the same pace which is to be adopted during the procession. These rehearsals, which take place in the early hours of the morning, have a twofold value, for not only do they familiarise the animals with the sights and sounds of the streets, but they enable the organisers of the procession to time to a minute the arrival of the royalties at their destination.

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## Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1905.

## THE MISSION TO LONDON.

**T**O-NIGHT the new Moody and Sankey start their mission to London at the Albert Hall. The amount of good they do will very largely depend upon the impressions they make at the outset.

The audience at the first meeting will be in a critical mood. It will include a great many trained observers of men and things, to whom the nation will look on Monday for an impartial account of the missionaries and their methods. For ourselves, we have little doubt that both Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander will demonstrate both their sincerity and the persuasiveness of their appeal; but a word of friendly counsel to them may not be out of place.

A large number of people are unfortunately prejudiced already against the mission by the views Dr. Torrey has expressed upon certain matters which scarcely come within the scope of a teacher of religion. This attitude of prejudice is not quite reasonable. Dr. Torrey is entitled to hold any opinions he likes upon such matters as smoking, dancing, and playing cards. There is no reason why we should expect his views of social habits to be identical with our own any more than we should decline to benefit by the ministrations of a Bishop because he voted on the different side from us in politics.

At the same time it will be wisdom on Dr. Torrey's part not to parade such opinions, just as a wise Bishop takes care to keep his politics, whatever they are, out of his sermons and diocesan charges. His object is to change the hearts of men, to fill them with a sense of the Divine Spirit, to induce them to order their lives more in accordance with the teaching of Jesus Christ. As a disciple of the world's noblest Teacher, he may win many souls. As a social censor, he would, we fear, gain few adherents.

## A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

There is great indignation against the City Corporation for their decision to oppose the London County Council's Embankment tramway scheme. We are not sure, however, that the attitude of the City Fathers may not be a blessing in disguise.

It is rapidly becoming a matter of general agreement that motor-omnibuses have a great many advantages over electric tramways. To begin with, they do not require rails, which are both expensive and inconvenient, as well as occasionally dangerous. They can pick their way through traffic, and, if one breaks down, it does not throw the whole system out of gear.

Further, they do not require any elaborate electrical installation. Each one carries its motive power about with it. They are also cheaper than tramways and in many other ways more convenient. Surely we ought to pause, then, before we decide to lay down any more tramway lines. In a few years time they may be looked upon as obsolete, and the money spent on them will be regarded as waste.

The City Corporation oppose the proposed improvement of locomotion facilities simply because they dislike change. But it may be that their action will make people, and especially county councillors, think more seriously about this question of motor-omnibuses and tramways. It would be a pity, for the want of a little intelligent anticipation, to make us pay heavily for something now which will be out-of-date before we are much older.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Be not simply good—be good for something.—*Thoreau.*

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

**T**HE young Sultan of Zanzibar, who has just arrived in London, and is staying at the Carlton Hotel, is pretty well known in England already. He was at Harrow in Mr. Bosworth Smith's house, and got on very well with that learned authority on things African, or, rather, Carthaginian. Said Ali is therefore considerably Anglicised in feeling and manners, though not at all in appearance. At school I remember that his thick, woolly hair, thick lips, and dark complexion, which make him an unmistakable negro, called forth some distinctly frank criticism from his school-fellows. English boys are not wont to let courtesy stand in the way of comment on any oddity of personal appearance.

But at Harrow, as a matter of fact, Said Ali got less of it than he would have done at any other school, because there we were quite used to exotic people. The Duke of Genoa, one of the Italian royalists, is an old Harrovian, for instance. He was there in the early 'seventies. Younger Harrovians can remember various dark potentates, Indian Maharajas and Rajas, who used to make the place quite picturesque. The son of the King of Siam, Prince Panchatra, was a monitor in 1902, and his brother, Prince Yugala, was also in

is amusing, too. Eggs were the main article of food, and if they were bad the travellers literally starved. Well, the eggs began by being middling, but gradually grew worse, until they became only fit for electrocution purposes. Sir Gilbert Parker and the Governor sent at once for the egg merchant. He appeared. His mouth was forced open, a sinister looking and smelling egg was poured down his throat. Another followed, and then a third. Then the merchant, sadder and wiser, was dismissed. The next day, and ever afterwards, the eggs were perfectly fresh.

Lord Cromer must be one of the "rulers of empire" who find the monotony of administration unusually trying. He and Lady Cromer, who have just gone for a trip up the Nile to Assuan, lead a very regular life in Egypt. Lord Cromer rises early, breakfasts very lightly, then works in his office till 12.30. After that he takes his midday meal (which, by the way, is always remarkably well cooked, for he is something of an epicure), often with visitors, and then he takes exercise. In the evening he plays bridge marvellously well for an hour or two, and so, as Samuel Pepys used to say, to bed.

For about twenty-two years that has been the scheme of Lord Cromer's days, with anxious in-

## "BAD FOR ME, BUT GOOD FOR MY CHILD."



I have given up reading newspapers, just as I have ceased using tobacco. They are both bad practices. My daughter, however, tells me all she learns from the journals.—*Count Tolstoy, interviewed by the "Standard."*

the school. In fact, the Eastern aristocracy seem to prefer Harrow to Eton or Winchester.

Sir Gilbert Parker, who does his duty as a member of the Imperial Parliament by visiting the remotest corners of the Empire every now and then, returns to-day from one of these Imperial tours of his. A Canadian by birth, Sir Gilbert knows as much about that part of the world, as readers of his books are aware, as any English-speaking man. He is full of amusing stories of Canadian manners. In the Quebec Legislature, for instance, he remembers, an evening when the slowest and most tedious speaker in Canada was laboriously unwinding himself in words. During his speech the Speaker, a young and good-looking man, left the Chair, and was replaced by the Chairman, who was old, white-haired, and deaf.

The tedious member went droning on, appealing constantly to "Mr. Speaker," as orators do. Suddenly his eye caught Mr. Speaker's, and he saw with horror that the young man of the beginning of his speech had become an ancient dotard. "Has the Speaker gone from childhood to old age during my speech?" he cried. And the Chairman, who had a sense of humour, and grasped the situation at once, rose and muttered "It makes a man old very quick listening to you."

The story of how Sir Gilbert secured fresh eggs for breakfast when he was staying in the Sudan

tervals of Egyptian politics now and again. It is not surprising that he should have the reputation of being a little brusque in manner with the sycophants and place-hunters who besiege the British Residence at Cairo. His manner has made these, and more important people, too, respect him. One instance of his frankness may be given here. The French Consul once complained to him that the British troops, with their marching and music, "got on his nerves." "You should not complain of them," said Lord Cromer; "it's because they are there that you are here." The Frenchman accepted the hint that his own Government had not taken its full share of responsibility in keeping order in Egypt.

Amongst the latest departures for Egypt is that of General Kelly-Kenny, known to his intimate friends as "K. E.," and to the general public as the "Man who chased Cronje" during the Boer war. He was called Kenny simply till about eight years ago, then he inherited a fortune, on the condition, delightfully easy to fulfil, that he should assume his present double-barrelled name. General Kelly-Kenny showed himself very cool and courageous during the war. He rode to the top of a ridge at Driefontein once, in full view of the enemy, and stood there calmly inspecting the ground. Before the Boers could get their sight he had moved away, leaving them convinced that this must have been the unusually substantial spectre of an English general.

## TWO MEN OF THE HOUR.

Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander, the Revivalist Preachers, Who Start Their Mission To-day.

**D**R. TORREY and MR. ALEXANDER are American to the bone, but whereas the preacher is the typical Yankee, keen, outspoken to bluntness, in deadly earnest, his singing partner possesses to the full the gently humorous nature of the true Southerner. One is of middle height, square-shouldered, white-haired, burly, and bearded; the other, tall, lissome, clean-shaven, and smiling.

Mr. Alexander takes possession of the audience, sings to it, coaxes, drills, exhorts, and only when he has finally worked it to a mood of exultant emotionalism does he yield it to the piercing words and fiery denunciation of his partner.

They have both all the directness of their nation and its freedom from all formality. It is by "straight talk," pointed local allusion, and free excursion into humour that they instantly arrest attention and hold their hearers.

Reuben Archer Torrey hails from Hoboken, the Dutch-German suburb of New York. The son of a banker, he inherits all the business aptitude of his father. Educated at Yale, young Reuben was but fifteen when he matriculated, and four years later found him taking his B.A. degree with honours. After passing through the usual period of youthful scepticism, and being, he confesses, known as the best poker-player at his university and one of the best dancers in his set, he laid aside his original intention of becoming a barrister, and was ordained. After holding the pastoral of Garrettsville, Ohio, for four years, he visited Germany for further study in theology.

## DESPAIR OF THE REPORTERS.

Taking another charge at Minneapolis, he was later, through the influence of Dwight L. Moody, appointed to the Chicago Avenue Church, the largest in the city, and became also superintendent of the Bible Institute.

His extraordinary rapidity of speech makes it difficult for him even to find stenographers quick enough to take down his vast correspondence, while his sermons are the despair of verbatim reporters.

Once in the full swing of his ringing appeals, his accent grows more marked, and his voice almost thunderous. There is no faltering with terms from Dr. Torrey, his language is of the strongest, his denunciations terrific; he is an evangelist of the fiery order.

While Dr. Torrey directs his thunderbolts at susceptible consciences, Charles Alexander lays siege to the souls of men by song. Born in Tennessee, he loved music from his earliest days, and when only nine he was leading the singing in his Sunday school. As a Southerner he suffers from the cold, and is nearly always found wrapped up in a huge fur coat.

But once he is wielding the conductor's baton, Mr. Alexander's Southern languor vanishes, and his whole personality becomes a centre of magnetic inspiration.

## WOULD SUCCEED ON THE "HALLS."

Had he not been a professional missionary and musician, Charles Alexander would have made a fortune on the music-hall stage. He has an extraordinary gift for telling anecdotes, and can reproduce the soft Southern accent and fat, rolling laugh of the plantation nigger to perfection.

As a critic says of him: "The man was created for music, as a canary was made to sing. He dominates the crowd; he teaches, he cajoles, he chides, he ridicules, he woos the most incongruous audiences till they sing vim and melody. He is irresistible."

"Come on, folks, sing it, will you? Shine up your faces and don't sing 'That will be glory for me' as if you were at a funeral!" "Good!—now let the gallery try it—the cream always goes to the top." "Don't be old sit-around—ring it out, men—shake the chandeliers!" When the gallery, inspired by fresh effort, has repeated the chorus to one of his silvery solos, he will interrupt with: "Hold on! There's a bass up there I want in my choir. Someone please pick him out and throw him down to me."

"Now," he will go on, "let's whistle it. I don't think there's any more harm in whistling than in singing, so long as the tune is a good one. Come on, everyone that's got a pair of lips and can pucker them—whistle, whistle like a flock of magpies!"

## IN MY GARDEN.

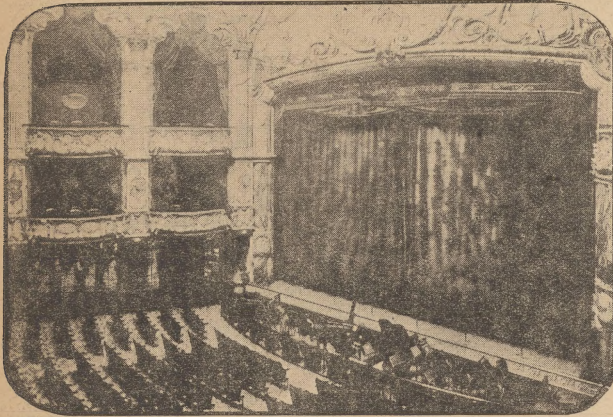
FEBRUARY 3.—The garden in the early part of this week was drier than it had been for some. With the bright sunshine and exhilarating winds we have enjoyed lately, outdoor work has been particularly agreeable.

Yet we must remember that severe weather may return any day, and February once more earn its title of "fill-dyke." A smart hail shower yesterday rudely woke me from dreaming of spring. As the season for planting is rapidly approaching, the gardener must not lose time in planning out his borders. Beds that are moist and shady must be filled with plants that enjoy these climatic conditions. Sunny spots must be planted with suitable inhabitants. E. F. T.



## Interesting Photographs of the Day's Events.

### "DAILY MIRROR" LYCEUM WEEK.



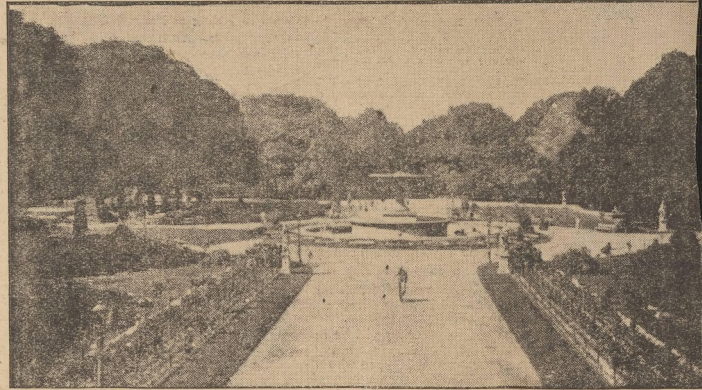
Interior of the Lyceum Theatre, which the *Daily Mirror* will manage next week to test if a bright, wholesome variety entertainment can profitably be given at moderate charges. Full particulars of Monday's free matinée appear elsewhere.—*(Daily Mirror copyright.)*

### REHEARSING THE STATE PROCESSION.



The famous team of eight cream-coloured ponies which will draw the State coach on the occasion of the opening of Parliament by the King being taken over the route, in order that they may get used to the traffic.—*(Daily Mirror copyright.)*

### SCHOOL CHILDREN SHOT DOWN IN WARSAW.



The Saxe Garden, Warsaw, where the police shot down twenty school children who had been chieviously obliterating shop signs with whitewash.

### FATAL FLOOR COLLAPSE.



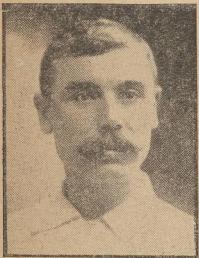
The hole seen in this photograph was made by the collapse of a floor at Great Gaddesden Place, which has just been burned down. The debris killed Mr. Paton, the butler, and a footman in the wine cellar beneath.

### RUSSIAN CENSOR DISMISSED.

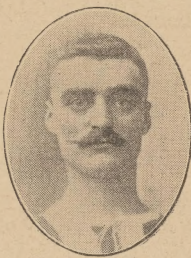


M. Svereff, head of the Chief Administration, who has been removed from his post.

### PHOTOGRAPHS OF SOME OF THE CAPTAINS OF TO-DAY'S GREAT FOOTBALL CUP TEAMS.



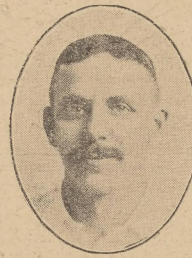
T. Baddeley, of Wolverhampton Wanderers.



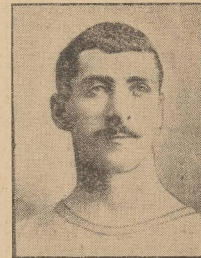
R. W. Jackson, of Sunderland.—(Church.)



T. Crawshaw, of Sheffield Wednesday.—(Furniss.)



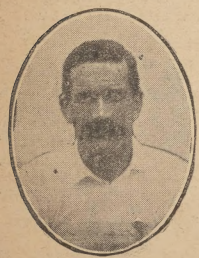
G. W. Ross, of Bury.



William Meredith, of Manchester City.



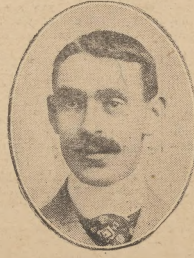
Herbert Smith, of Derby County.—(Dee.)



A. Tait, of Tottenham Hotspur.—(Purdie.)



Walter Wignmore, of Small Heath.—(Alberts.)



A. G. Morris, of Notts Forest.—(Phillips.)



A. Buick, of Portsmouth.—(Cribb.)



J. Cassidy, of Middlesbrough.—(Faircloth.)

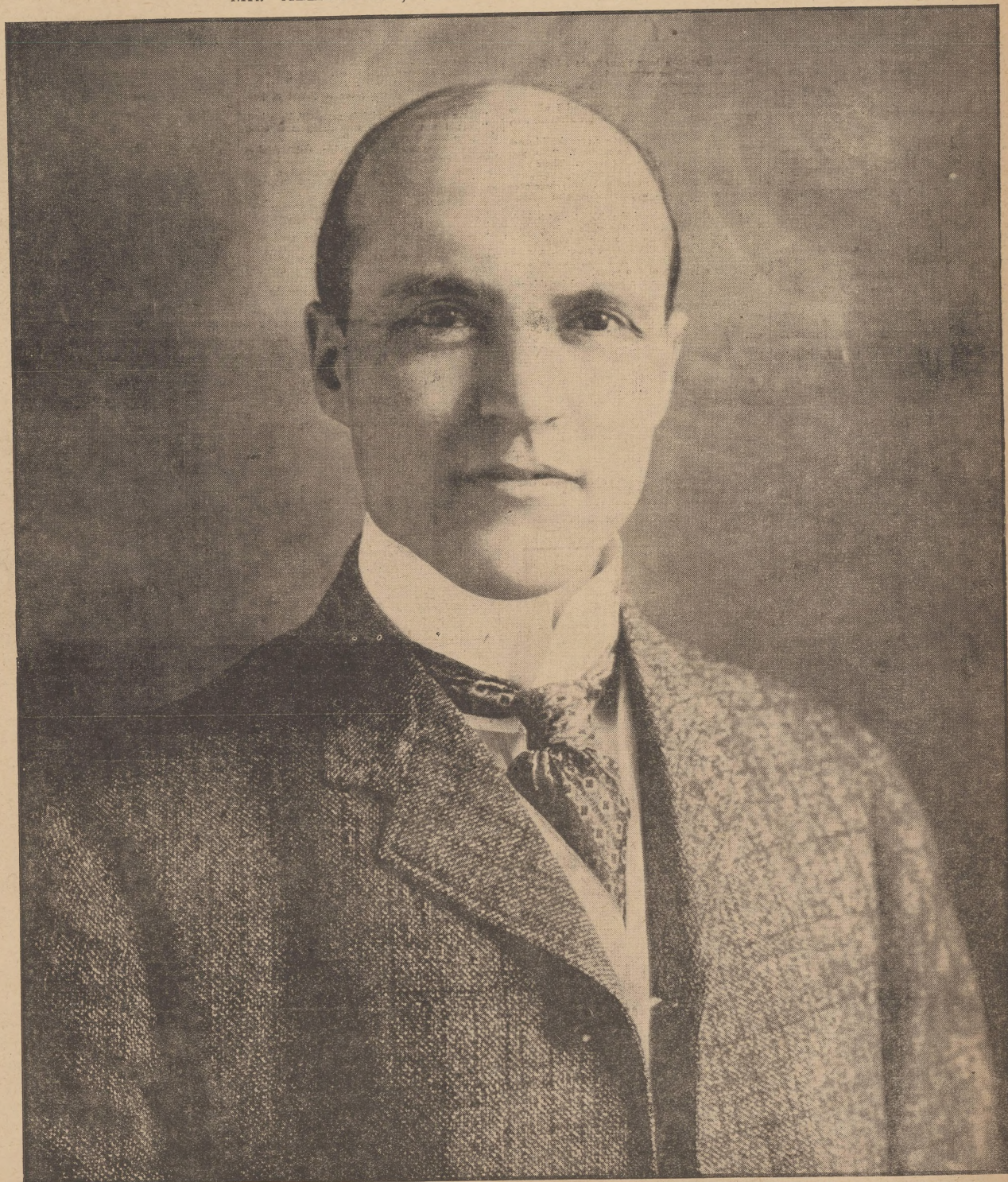


R. Crompton, of Burnley Rovers.—(H.)



# Opening of the Great London Revival This Evening.

MR. ALEXANDER, SINGER OF THE "GLORY SONG."



Mr. Alexander, who will assist Dr. Torrey in conducting the revival mission which opens this evening at the Albert Hall. He will lead the choir of 4,000 voices which has been rehearsing for some weeks in preparation for this evening's meeting.—(Photograph by Reginald Haines.)

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 6.



## "DAILY MIRROR" GENERAL ELECTION.

(Continued from page 6.)

Stockport (2)—Sir Joseph Leigh (L.) and Mr. Harry Barnston (C.). No political change. Though Stockport first returned Cobden to Parliament, and there is a state in the principal square to his memory, free trade is not very popular with the bulk of the working men.

### HEREFORDSHIRE.

North (Leominster)—Sir James Rankin (C.). No change. The Conservative tradition is strong, having only been broken in 1885, when a Liberal farmers' candidate, supported by a number of Conservatives, obtained a majority of 121. The Conservative majority will be less than 400. The Liberal candidate, although a complete stranger to the constituency, has made himself popular. South (Ross)—Captain the Hon. P. Clive (C.). No change. The sitting member has the advantage of being a Herefordshire man, whereas Colonel Gardner (L.) is a comparative stranger.

Hereford (City)—Mr. J. S. Arkwright (C.). No change. Owing to the retirement of the Liberal candidate, Mr. Emerson Bainbridge, at the eleventh hour, and the popularity of the present member, the Liberals have no chance of winning, even should they bring forward a new candidate, which is most unlikely.

### MONMOUTHSHIRE.

North—Mr. Reginald McKenna (L.). No change, and at present no Conservative candidate. The constituency is primarily interested in the reversal of the Taft Vale judgment and the effort to restore the non-liability of trade unions in respect of actions for damages. South—Colonel Ivor Herbert (L.). Liberal gain. With the retirement of the Hon. F. C. Morgan, the former indisposition to turn out a well-known man will pass away, and the more Radical industrial portions of the constituency will assert themselves.

West—Mr. Thomas Richards (Labour and L.). No change. At the sitting member was recently elected by a majority of 4,635 consequent upon the death of Sir W. Harcourt, he will probably be returned unopposed.

Monmouth Boroughs—Mr. E. E. Micholls (C.). No political change. The result will be largely caused by a split in the Liberal camp by the introduction of a Labour candidate.

### SHROPSHIRE.

North (Newport)—Colonel Kenyon-Slaney (C.). No change. An extremely close fight. The sitting member has the prestige of being a resident landowner, and is an effective platform speaker. These elements will turn the scale in his favour. South (Ludlow)—Mr. Rowland Hill (C.). No change. A drop in the Conservative candidate's majority.

West (Oswestry)—Mr. Stanley Leighton (C.) has died since the general election. The sitting Liberal member, Mr. Allen Bright, will increase his majority.

Shrewsbury—Mr. E. G. Hemmerde (L.). Liberal gain. The unexpected announcement of Mr. H. D. Greene's resignation, accompanied by a declaration in favour of free trade, came as a bombshell to the Conservatives. If the Unionists succeed in getting a representative county gentleman as candidate the fight may be close, but Shrewsbury is really certain to return to its original Radical allegiance.

(To be continued on Monday.)

## A MAN IN A MILLION

By CORALIE STANTON  
and HEATH HOSKEN.

### NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

This story deals with the problem that arises out of the suicide of a kindly, unselfish, impecunious man (Richard Tempes), who ended his life to make way for his wife (Vanna Tempes), to whom he was immensely rich man, Anthony Heron, who had stolen her heart.

The husband dead, Heron recoiled from the woman, and gets his friend, Lady Betty Somerville, to offer her a solatium of £2,000 a year, which she accepts rather than starve.

Three years elapse. Heron meets his fate—a slip of a girl who fascinates him. He meets her by chance in a picture gallery in Paris, utterly unaware that she is really Joan, Vanna Tempes's daughter, now grown up. He has not learned her name yet; but when he offers his love, and rebukes her for not keeping a tryst, she answers, "I am engaged to be married." Her other lover is the young Duke of St. Peter's.

### CHAPTER XXV.

Tragedies are ordinary, everyday things—in the wrong place.

"I am engaged to be married."

The simple, direct announcement took Anthony Heron's breath away. For a moment he stood speechless, and the girl, who was evidently ill at ease, would have moved away if he had not forcibly detained her.

"Please, let me go, Mr. Anthony," she murmured. "I—I am very late."

Tony stared at her dumbly. It was the very

## OUR SATURDAY SHORT STORY.

### A HERO'S CROWN.

By DOUGLAS ALEXANDER.

"Two years! Well; this place, at any rate, hasn't changed much."

Colonel Grey looked round the fashionable and crowded restaurant with a quick, careless gaze that speedily came back and rested on the woman before him.

There was a soft sparkle in Christine Althorp's eyes as she met that glance. A warm flush had brightened the beauty of her face.

"Does it seem a long time?" she asked.

"An eternity," he responded.

"You remembered my old wish to dine here at the place where we first met?"

"The moment I landed in England I wired to the Carlton, engaging this table—the identical one, you see."

"It was not too certain that we ever should meet again," she said, grave for a moment. "But you have come through everything safely. There were times—ah, those terrible newspaper reports—when I was afraid to read the headlines. Was there ever such an expedition, I wonder—at once so difficult and so successful?"

Colonel Grey dismissed the difficulty of it with a deprecatory smile. But the smile quickly died away, and he relapsed into the gravity which Christine Althorp had observed more than once upon his face since they had met, half an hour ago, after a parting of two years.

During all that time she had waited for this reunion, living always in the future, always with her eyes upon this day, which had then seemed so distant, but which was with her now at last.

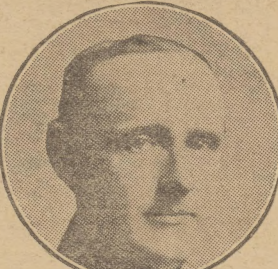
And the man, too, had hungered for a sight of her.

For her sake, because she desired it, as well as for the sake of duty and ambition, he had accepted the command which had been offered him of heading the most perilous military expedition that had been known for ages back.

He and the band he led had scaled almost impassable mountains, had literally hewn their way through untrodden paths, where lurking death threatened in many forms, had pushed ever onward, undeterred by difficulties of transit, through which it had seemed a sheer impossibility to force their passage.

And victory had been theirs at last, and all England had rung with their leader's name.

### NEW SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND.



Marquis of Linlithgow, K.T., who has just been appointed Secretary of State for Scotland. — (H. Walter Barnett.)

last thing he had expected; the one thing he had never contemplated. That he might have difficulty in finding her, in pacifying her, in winning her, perhaps. He was prepared for all that; he had made up his mind, and a struggle only whets a strong man's desire. But that he would find her so simply, so easily, so prosaically; that he would meet her out for a walk in the Champs Elysees, and that she would tell him that she was engaged to be married, and therefore had not kept her tryst yesterday—that staggered him, convulsed all his preconceived ideas, produced a cataclysm in his soul. He had found her, and another man had been before him, had robbed him of his blue-eyed fairy princess. For the first time in his life Anthony Heron was unnerved; he stood helpless before something that was stronger than he. And that something was a tall slip of a girl who looked with great, uneasy, pleading eyes into his face.

At last he spoke, in a voice that no one had ever heard before, a dazed, uncertain voice.

"It is not true," he said. "It cannot be true."

"Indeed it is true, Mr. Anthony," she answered.

"I—Oh, I really must go—"

But Tony's grip tightened on her arm. For a moment an angry shadow darkened his face. He looked as if he would like to do her bodily harm, to punish her for the blow she had dealt him.

"Come and sit down here," he said, pointing to a seat that happened to be vacant, although quite close to it a group of children were grubbing about in the gravel, apparently vying with each other to see how dirty they could make their pretty clothes.

"I can't," stammered Joan. "Really, I can't. A mass of complex and painful emotions were struggling in my soul."

"Nonsense, Blue Eyes!" said Tony. His usual

"Not a soul beyond yourself and the Government knows that I am in London," he remarked presently.

"I'm glad," she replied. "People would have besieged you, and I want you to myself this evening."

Her eyes, shining with love and pride, rested tenderly on him.

"There were columns in the papers this morning," she said. "I've cut them all out, and put them in a book, along with the rest. I've got every newspaper reference to the campaign, from beginning to end. It made me so proud of you, Hubert, to read them."

"Have you seen to-night's papers?" he asked. "No; I was too filled with thoughts of other things to look at newspapers."

He leaned across the small table, and looked at her with an expression in those keen and fearless eyes which she had never seen there before.

"Christine," he said, in a low voice, "I wish that you had seen the papers to-night. They would have told you what I find it very hard to tell."

"What is it?" she asked quickly.

"That—that I am a failure."

"You a failure?" She echoed the word with an incredulous smile.

"Yes," he said. "To-night all London interested in the matter knows that I am a disgraced and discredited man."

She leaned back in her chair, white to the lips with emotion.

"I have bungled the business, the Government inform me. I was given certain instructions. I did not carry them out precisely to the letter. Heaven alone knows, it was not meant as such, but the authorities call it disobedience. It was no more than a question of indemnity. I should have had to slaughter the poor wretches in hundreds to gain the terms proposed by the Government. They would not give way. I signed the treaty which will now be repudiated. The barbarians departed, rejoicing. The affair seemed well settled. I came home, never thinking my conduct of affairs would meet with censure. However, it has. I am pilloried. I stand disgraced. My career as a soldier is at an end."

Christine looked at him with strained, unseeing eyes. All her hopes and dreams were flown. "I would have come to you this afternoon," he said, "if I could have got here in time. Of course, you understand," he added quickly, whilst she sat there silent, "that I give you your release?"

In a mental vision she saw her future spent in dreary isolation, without this man. She would never care for anyone else. The hero she had loved was dethroned. Life and its joys seemed to hold no promise for her in that moment.

She leaned forward, meaning to speak the words that would part them for ever, and then, the ice which had gathered in her heart suddenly melted, sweeping away with it all pride as well, and left her with only one thought, one desire—this man's love.

What was the world, the praise of the world, or anything that the world could give, put in the balance against love? It was the man she cared for with her whole heart and soul—not the transient glory, but the man himself.

She put forward her hand. Her eyes were looking into his face, beseechingly, tenderly, dumbly pleading forgiveness as a loving child will for a moment's rebellious thought.

"Darling," he whispered, as his fingers closed over hers, "which is it to be?"

"I do not care about your fame," she said, "I only want to share your love."

quiet assertiveness had returned to him and he led her to the seat.

"Now, tell me," he asked, "how long have you been engaged to be married?" His look pierced her through and through. A sudden furious suspicion took hold of him that she was as deep as she looked clear and transparent, that she had been playing with him, that her meetings with him had been merely an amusing adventure, that, all the time, while he had thought of her as a creature with the dew of fairyland still clinging to her eyes, a being with whom mortal had hardly held converse, she was the promised wife of another man.

"About a week," she answered. Her gaze avoided his. She dropped her head and coloured vividly.

Just behind them was a little round kiosk, in which an old woman sold sweetmeats and large flat, round sponge-cakes. She peered out at the two sitting on the seat in front of the place where she daily trafficked with her wrinkled old face, and there was a smile on her wrinkled old face, and a bright light in her shrewd eyes. She had looked on so many sitting together on that same seat—men and women, boys and girls—early and late. And always they told the same story. Always the man spoke low and eagerly, and the woman bowed her head and blushed.

"A week, Blue Eyes," he said. "Since I went away, you have become engaged to be married?"

"Yes, Mr. Anthony."

"I don't believe you know what it means," he said. His voice was harsh. Never had anything stirred him like this.

"I do," retorted Joan, with a flash of spirit breaking through the almost hypnotic acquiescence that

(Continued on page 11.)



To H.M. THE KING.

THE POPULAR  
**SCOTCH**  
IS  
**"BLACK & WHITE"**  
WHISKY.



To H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

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**50 ORIENTAL TABLES,**  
Value 10s. 6d. each.

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## WHO IS IT?

Novel Which Satirises a Famous  
Theatrical Family.

### SCARCELY VEILED.

Who is the famous actor-manager whom Mr. Ranger Gull portrays in his new novel, "A Story of the Stage" (F. V. White, 6s.), which appeared yesterday.

He has christened him Mr. Herbert Storm, and says he is "the highest and most finished type of the successful actor-manager." Then he goes on to tell his history.

He had begun life as a correspondence clerk in the London offices of a French house of business. Of French extraction, he was also said by the envious and unfortunate to have a tinge of the rich Semitic blood which has made so many artistic people famous. He stood alone as one of the most brilliant actors, successful business men, and social favourites in England.

This is how Mr. Gull describes his personal appearance:—

He was a slim man, rather over middle height, who walked and moved with singular youthfulness and grace. The regular and somewhat severe face was rather youthful also, though extremely mobile. The eyes, of a light blue, conveyed nothing whatever when in repose, but as the world knew, they could convey anything.

### WHO IS MRS. STORM?

Next Mr. Gull gives a portrait of Mrs. Herbert Storm, but does not say whether she acts or not.

The popular actor-manager was too shrewd to become involved in social privileges and to attempt to marry a daughter of one of the great houses where he went. Instead, Mr. Storm wedded a clever and graceful girl of the upper middle classes, who, like himself, was determined to "get on."

She made him an ideal wife. Ladies of rank who were anxious to be in correspondence with artistic environment and the upper Bohemia, found in Mrs. Storm a celebrity who was delighted to manage their debut.

One was always seeing photographs of "Mrs. Storm and Lady Mandie," or etchings of "Lady Mandie and Mrs. Storm," and a new photocopy was created in the illustrated newspapers.

Mrs. Herbert Storm has also a daughter—Miss Vivien Storm.

This young lady had been familiar to the public from her earliest years. Vivien, with her white donkey, presented by the Marchese Della Luna Bianca; Vivien with her little motor-car, presented by the Baroness Teufelstein—the public knew her well and loved her dearly, ever she was seventeen and made her first appearance upon the boards of the Parthenon.

When that stupendous theatrical event actually happened the whole Press played chorus to Mr. Storm's story. At the great supper afterwards, when Mr. Storm introduced "My dear daughter" to the assembled guests, the very waiters wept and hid their talents for a moment—no doubt in a napkin.

But there is yet a fourth member of the Storm family, "a light skirmishing force, allied, but not

too closely, with the main body: an independent command."

This was Mr. Gustavus Storm, a younger brother of the actor, and known everywhere as "Gus."

When at Oxford, "Gus" had become famous by remarking that his brother's "Lear"—which he had gone up in mid-term to see—was "funny without being vulgar." In London he became a journalist, who wrote very little and always signed everything he wrote "Gus."

Later he is more fully described.

The famous "Gus" was slim, like his brother. His forehead was immediately large, and his sleek black hair was parted in the middle. In curious contrast to his remarkable frontal development, the lower part of his face was almost childlike. The mouth was an engaging button, the chin small and girlish. His manner was frankly simple and kind, and he had the air of being very much amused with himself and living in constant terror of not being misunderstood.

The Storm family do not monopolise "A Story of the Stage." It is in many other ways an interesting and amusing book. But they do give it a brisk flavour of hidden personality and satire. Who can the Storms be?

Who is the prominent actor-manager, with a slight foreign accent, a magnificent theatre, a daughter, who has lately gone on the stage, a wife who is great friends with someone whose name resembles "Lady Mandie"? Who can it be?

### A LITTLE SERMON.

By the Rev. SILAS K. HOCKING.

Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven.—MATT. vii. 21.

There is nothing ambiguous in the teaching of Christ on this question. It is not by saying things that we get into the kingdom of Heaven, but by doing things; not by making a profession, but by living the life.

Few things come with less effort and trouble than certain kinds of talk. Talking is one of the easiest things in the world. Anybody can talk, providing he has something to talk about. To make a profession, to a large class of people, is as easy as calling a spirit.

But, brethren, the things that are worth having do not come to people in that easy way. If you want to possess any kingdom that is worth possessing, you must struggle for it.

This man may go to church regularly, and therefore—what? Why, therefore he is in the kingdom of heaven.

It does not follow. Lots of people go to church, but they have not learnt the A B C of Christian life. There are people who never go to church, and they shame, by the piety of their lives, by their Christliness and self sacrifice, some of us who make large professions.

It is not a question of opinion; it is not a question of creed; it is not a question of going to church or not going to church. It is a question of living the Christ-like life day by day in our business, in our homes, doing all that we do in the name and in the spirit of the Master.

You cannot measure the kingdom of heaven by bricks and mortar. You cannot measure the kingdom of heaven by church registers, by counting heads. You cannot measure the kingdom of heaven by the growth of our Sunday schools.

It is to be measured by the growth of the spirit of Christ, of humanity, of meekness, of gentleness, of love for our kind. Not everyone who saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, but he that doeth the will of the Father.

unknown and worldly mother. Then he asked her very gently—"Blue Eyes, didn't you understand me?"

"Understand you? What do you mean, Mr. Anthony?" She lifted her eyes for a moment, and dropped them again under his passionate, compelling gaze.

"When I talked about fairyland, Blue Eyes." "I thought it was—fun," she said in a low voice.

"But you knew what I meant by fairyland?"

"I don't think so."

"But you do now. You know that directly I saw you, with your eyes that are as blue as the Madonna's cloak, I knew that you were the only person who could help me find fairyland, and live in it with me for the rest of our lives. And that fairyland is the place where men and women live love each other."

"Mr. Anthony," she said in an awed voice, "did you want to marry me?"

"Of course, Blue Eyes, and I still do—and mean to."

"But why did you not want to know my name, and why did you want me not to talk about you, and why did you want to meet me in the Louvre, and—and all that?"

"Because I was a fool," he said promptly. "I had got a silly idea in my mind, Blue Eyes, that I didn't want to know anything about you, or you about me, except that we were just the two people who are meant to spend their lives together."

"But are we?" she asked. There was a piteous little wail in her voice. She was very white now, and her eyes had a hunted look.

"Of course we are, Blue Eyes, and you know it. You know it perfectly well. Look at me, child!"

She lifted her eyes slowly, reluctantly, and, meet-

## GERMAN CROWN

### PRINCE'S TOUR.

Why Is He Going to Italy on the Eve  
of His Wedding?

Has a little cloud arisen between the German Crown Prince and his betrothed, the Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin?

The query suggested by the statement in a prominent Berlin newspaper, the "Lokalanzeiger," that the Kaiser's eldest son is about to start on a tour through Italy, and intends to stay away until the end of this month.

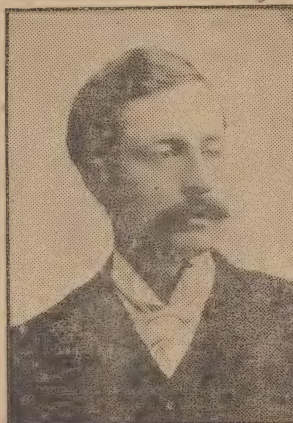
It seems strange for a young man to go away for four weeks on the eve of his marriage. The wedding is fixed for the middle of March, and already presents are arriving at Potsdam in very large numbers from all quarters of the globe.

The Crown Prince had been married many times by the gossips before his father's choice for him was made known last summer. He is undoubtedly susceptible to womanly charm, but the tales of his being punished for falling in love too readily had no foundation at all. He has been punished now and then, but it was generally for feasts of too daring horsemanship and escapades of that kind.

He showed in the early days of his engagement the greatest delight in the Duchess Cecilia's society. They went everywhere together, and all the photographs of them showed as happy-looking a young couple as one could wish to see. Later the Duchess has been staying at Potsdam and making the acquaintance of her future family. She has especially endeared herself to the Empress, who has hopes of making her daughter-in-law as good a housekeeper as she is herself. Al has been rose-colour, so far as the outside world could see.

Yet now comes this news of the Crown Prince's foreign tour, which will take him from the side of his future wife for close upon a month. What can the explanation be?

### NEW KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK.



The Earl of Mayo, who was yesterday invested with the insignia of the Order of St. Patrick by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at Dublin Castle.—(Maull and Fox.)

ing the fire in his, she flushed a beautiful crimson up to the very roots of her hair. And then the great revelation came to her; the scales fell from the child's eyes to allow the woman to gaze out into the world, and the first vision granted her was that of the man she loved.

Joan Tempest knew, and understood. She knew why she had been glad and afraid; why her heart had been led against her will to the Louvre on that second day, when she had already determined that she must forget all about him. She understood everything—now that it was too late. She loved him, and his strength, and that power that he exercised to be near him; she wanted nothing better than to be near him all her life.

It made no difference that she knew nothing about him, that she had only seen him three times. There was no shadow of doubt in her mind. Love had sounded his triumphant call, and her newly-awakened woman's heart echoed it. But it was too late.

"You do know it, Blue Eyes," said the man beside her, and she wondered, almost childishly still, how it was that she had never heard music like his voice. "It's no good pretending you don't. You love me. Dare to say you don't?" He laughed his ringing, boyish laugh, with the conscious note of triumph echoing through it.

She said nothing, and he took one of her hands and pressed it, well content. Obstacles were nothing to him; his was a fighting nature. He would have her in the face of all the world.

And the old woman, behind, saw him take the girl's hand, and smiled with pleasure.

## THRIFT WISE OR FOOLISH?

Well-known Playwright Contributes to  
the Discussion.

### WHY DO SCOTSMEN THRIVE?

By FREDERICK FENN.

Most of those who write on thrift and spend-thrift fall into the error of maintaining that what is good and possible for good and possible for all. A saint is impossible without sinners, and it needs a great many sinners to make one saint; equally a thrifty man can only exist in a community of spendthrifts, and instead of being proud of his savings, the former should be very grateful to the reckless lives whose prodigality alone enables him to save.

To put it more precisely, Mr. Bart Kennedy is, of course, right in saying that wages tend to sink until they only supply the bare means of subsistence. This being so, it is nothing but the comparatively high standard of living demanded by prosperous workmen and trades unions which keeps wages up, and while wages are high the saving man can save by denying himself the luxuries which his companions insist on having because they consider them necessities.

### SAVING SENDS DOWN WAGES.

If all his companions were also to save the result would be fatal, and I will explain why. Broadly speaking, if a man employs a thousand workmen at 30s. a week each, and these workmen, one and all, put by 5s. or 10s. a week, it is no very great time before wages fall. There comes a time of depression in that particular trade, and the employer, seeking how to economise, discovers that he is paying for labour at an unnecessarily high rate, and that he can get his work done just as efficiently by men who are only paid 20s. or 25s. weekly, or, possibly, owing to the crowded state of the labour market, offers are made to him from outside to do the work at the lower wage.

The thrifty man who has got on in the world (and all credit to him) should always pay a grateful tribute to the many poor spendthrifts without whose unconscious aid he could neither have saved nor risen. If any doubt my argument let them reflect that, though climatic and other conditions largely affect the question, the more economical a people may be the lower will be the rate of wages in the country, and the more prodigal is a nation the more thrifty successful men will it produce.

The Scot or the Jew, both instinctively thrifty, reaps no benefit from his saving while among his own people. He quickly migrates to make his fortune in a spendthrift community.

FREDERICK FENN.

### THE REAL DIFFICULTY.

Having read "Foresight's" comment, I should like to ask if the writer has ever been a working man himself, with a family of five or six children and in receipt of 17s. or 18s. per week? If so, whether he will kindly enlighten us as to how it is possible to feed a family and clothe them properly and respectably, and at the same time put by a little every week as suggested? LONG SIGHT.

### POLITICAL ECONOMISTS DERIDED.

If your readers will refer to "Fallacy of Saving," by J. M. Robertson, also "Evolution of Modern Capitalism," by F. A. Hobson, they will see that some political economists agree with Bart Kennedy.

In the sense of wise and careful expenditure, thrift is all right. Saving means restricted demand in buying, creating more with less labour in production. This leads to gluts and unemployment.

33, Woodfield-road, W.

C. TERRY.

## A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 10.)

his presence forced upon her. "I shall enjoy myself very much, and he is a very nice man—and I shall live in England."

"I would have taken you to live in England," murmured Tony, as if to himself. Then he turned to her, like a Judge, so sternly, so imperatively.

"Do you love him, Blue Eyes?"

She stirred uneasily. Those strange sensations that this man awoke in her were not dead; they crowded in on her afresh now that she was with him. The pleasure was there, and the fear, and the vague, inexplicable sense of danger. What was the good of being engaged to the Duke if she were going to feel like this? And why was she sitting here beside this strange, mocking listening to what he said? It was wrong, she knew it was wrong. But she could not help it.

"Do you love him?" repeated Anthony Heron.

"Of course—that is, he is very nice." One of the strange results of this mysterious power that he wielded over her was that she could not lie to him.

"You don't love him," he exclaimed. Tony in a voice of intense earnestness, still tinged with anger. "Of course, you don't. You don't know what love is—yet. What happened, Blue Eyes? Did they make you consent to marry him? Did they persuade you? Is he going to give you all sorts of good things?"

She shook her head vehemently.

"I did it of my own accord," she said. "I said I would marry him—and, of course, I must."

"It is a sin," he muttered under his breath, making a fantastic picture in his mind of her

The girl's eyes were full of tears.

"My afraid mother would be awfully angry!"

(Continued on page 13)

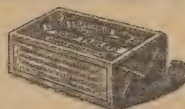


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# COMPETITION FOR CLEVER CHILDREN.

## CHIEFLY FOR CHILDREN.

A Story Which All Our Little Readers Can Help To Illustrate.

### FUN AT A DANCE.

All children like drawing, so we propose to give all who read this story a chance of illustrating it. On this page is a picture of Dick and Bobby just as Bobby pulled off Dick's elephant head, and they both sat down with a bang! Pip and Mabel Jane are looking on.

It is, however, merely an outline picture, none of them have any features. We want our boy and girl readers to try to finish off this picture and to send it to us so that it reaches here on Wednesday morning at latest. We shall announce the name of the sender of the best picture next Saturday, and publish another outline to be filled up. When the story is finished there will be prizes awarded to those who have sent in the best pictures all through.

### "MY DIARY," BY DICK.

I spent all my Christmas money and quite forgot to buy a diary. That is how I could not begin at the beginning of the year. Luckily Aunt Buz came to stop, and gave me one. So here goes.

Great excitement. We are going to a fancy-dress dance. Mabel Jane (my sister) thinks that it will be great fun. She likes dressing up. Just like a girl! I thought it would be rot until Aunt Buz said she would make me into an elephant. She is making my things now out of grey flannel. It will be grand sport. Mabel Jane is going as a fairy.

### ELEPHANT'S TRUNK.

Wednesday.—The dance is over. It was a joke. I got Aunt Buz to make my elephant's dress so that I could take my arm out of one of the front legs and put it into the trunk to waggle it. Mabel Jane did fancy herself. I must say her wings were fine. They were made of white muslin stuff, with silver. I told her I was sure she could fly with them, and she actually believed me, the silly. So she got on the nursery table and jumped off. But they didn't work and she fell on the floor and hurt her knee. Of course, she cried. Just like a girl!

Pip went to the dance as a milkmaid with a pail. Pip lives opposite. Of course, she is only a girl, but she is a brick. I always tell Mabel Jane I wish she were like Pip.

Pip and I filled her pail full of cheese-cakes and things when no one was looking, and covered them over with bits of cracker. Mabel Jane found out, and went and told Mrs. Smith, who was giving the party. I felt rather a silly.

Bobby Spooner was a Red Indian. I rather wished I had thought of going as that. He had feathers on his head, and a spear, and bows and

arrows, and wore dozens of bead necklaces round his neck. Pip came along and said to me:

"Do look, Dick, Bobby has given me a necklace."

She was as pleased as anything.

I could not think what to give her, so I asked her if she'd like one of my ears. She said she would

love it, and she found a pair of scissors and cut it off.

I don't like Bobby Spooner. He is a beast, only mother says she won't have us say that word. I asked her if I wasn't a beast when I had on the elephant dress, any way. She only laughed. But I must finish up about the dance. I thought it

### FOR CHILDREN WHO CAN DRAW.



This is an outline illustration from our children's story. Children who can draw, and want to win a prize, must fill it out and send it to the "Daily Mirror." See conditions above.

## A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 11.)

she faltered. "She told me how important a step it was, and how I ought to be quite sure—and I said I was."

"Once," said Tony. "And I shall tell her that I have a prior claim to you, and I shall explain; and I don't think she will mind," he concluded, modestly conscious that a mother would have to be made of a strange stuff who did not prefer him to almost any other suitor for her daughter's hand.

And because Joan was such a transparently truthful and simple-minded person a thought came to her that she was sure must solve the difficulty at once.

"If I tell the—the other man," she said, "that I don't care for him, that I—her tongue stumbled over the word, but she brought it out with a glorious blush—"that I love someone else, he won't want to marry me, will he, Mr. Anthony?"

"He's not going to, anyway," said Tony decidedly.

He rose from the seat.

"Blue Eyes, I want you to come somewhere with me at once. I want to take you to see my best friend. She's a charming lady, but you needn't be jealous, because she is quite old, or, at least, you would think so. I promised her long ago that, when I found you, I would bring you to see her first of all. Will you come?"

"I should like to," said the girl doubtfully, "but I ought to go home to lunch."

"I will take you home afterwards," he assured her, "and you shall introduce me to your mother, and I want to have a long talk with her. Don't say no, Blue Eyes!"

So she walked off with him; and the old woman in the black gown to the saints to bless them. Joan's cheeks burned as if with fever; her feet trod on air. She saw nothing strange in his proposal; she would have thought it quite ordinary to-day if he had suggested that they should fly to the moon. She was perfectly happy; and she did

not think. She did not want to, because she would have had to think about the Duke.

They both walked fast, and were not long in reaching the Ritz; and on the way they talked a great deal and said things that it is no use recording, because everybody knows them. When they reached the hotel the girl said that she had lunched there yesterday, but the man did not seem to hear the remark.

He left her in the lobby, saying that he would run up and see whether his friend were in the hotel.

He was not away more than a few minutes, and, as he led her upstairs the way they took was familiar to her.

He opened a door on the first landing, and ushered her in.

Then Joan saw Lady Betty Somerville, and Lady Betty saw Joan.

"My God!" exclaimed the elder woman under her breath. Neither of the others heard her. The girl came across the room with outstretched hand.

"Why, it's Lady Betty Somerville," she cried joyously. "Lady Betty, you are everybody's friend! I'm so glad it is you!" She had taken a great fancy to the shrewd and kindly woman yesterday.

"You know each other!" exclaimed Tony. "That's splendid!" He saw nothing remarkable in the fact, because Lady Betty knew everybody.

And then, to his intense surprise, Lady Betty turned to the girl.

"Run down to the drawing-room for a moment, dear," she said, and Tony thought her voice sounded strange. "I will fetch you in a few minutes. I—I want to talk to—Mr. Anthony."

The girl obeyed. Tony shut the door after her and turned to his friend with amazement in every line of his face.

What he saw on Lady Betty's only made her behaviour the more incomprehensible. She was terribly grave, and seemed to have difficulty in finding words. At last she spoke.

"That is Vanna Tempest's girl," she said.

(To be continued.)

would be great fun for the elephant to seize the Indian's feathers with his trunk. So I went up behind Bobby and took hold of the thing on his head. He turned round and grabbed my trunk with my arm inside it. I managed to slip my arm out, and he still held on to the trunk. As my head was made separately, of course it came off, and we both sat down with a bang. Then we got up and went for each other.

Father came in the middle to fetch us, and there was a fuss. He said I never knew how to behave like a gentleman, and should be caned when I got home. Mabel Jane cried as usual, and Pip turned her back on me. I rather spoilt the party.

### SHE IS INTERESTING.

### HOW THIS EPITHET MAY BECOME DESERVED.

We all want to be interesting. We want friends to come to us and to enjoy our society, and we want one at least to find us so full of interest that he will feel he can never leave our side again. But how are we to enfold ourselves in the magic cloak of fascination?

To be interesting is to adjust one's self to the thoughts and minds of other people. It is to be broad of heart and big of brain. It is to acknowledge our own mistakes and not to think that the other person is always in the wrong. It is to give freely of our sympathy, to love humanity, and to appreciate the great world in which we live. It is to possess freedom, to bravely think fine thoughts, to realise that all is possible to one who wills, and to live a life of constant endeavour towards the good and the beautiful.

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Turn up the lower edge of the cloth and baste it flat, pressing it well. Then baste the silk lining in and blind stitch it to the outside. A few rows of stitching will give body to the front and do away with the necessity for an inner stiffening. The little upper capes are cut exactly like the outside one, but should not be hemmed if made of cloth, which will fall into softer lines with the raw edge felt as it is than if turned up and stitched.

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# RUGBY INTERNATIONAL AT EDINBURGH.

## Will Wales Follow Up Their Victory Over England by Another Triumph?

The chief interest of Rugby men will be centred in the great game at Inverleith this afternoon between Scotland and Wales. Will the Welshmen follow up their great victory over England by defeating the Scotsmen? In this particular it is interesting to note that in 1882 the Principality achieved a bad beating to England at Swansea—probably the worst ever sustained by an English fifteen—yet Scotland won handsomely against Wales at Edinburgh.

I well remember both matches, and particularly the latter. At half-time the Warrington, led by the Scotch forwards, headed by McEwan, Mackintosh, and Mark Morrison simply shovelled over the Welsh pack, and entirely crushed the back line. The combination, unable to develop their attacking tactics, the Welsh backs went to all pieces, and Scotland gained a great triumph. Will history repeat itself?

Scotland suffered a severe reverse at Swansea last year, but they have not been beaten on their own ground by Wales since 1882. Further, Scotch fifteens rarely go under without a hard fight. While absorbing much of the Welsh methods, they still maintain the traditions of their schools in the matter of robust forward play and good footwork. That excellent quality will be present to-day.

It is idle to attempt any comparison between the present teams and those that took part in the same match twelve months ago. Further, it would be unwise to attach too much importance to the Cardiff match. The Welshmen won well on that occasion, but they had weak English backs to oppose them.

Scotland have a much stronger combination behind the scrum than England had at Cardiff. They have at least a sound, dependable back in Forrest, and apart from Crabtree, who is getting a little old for football, they have a capital three-quarter line. I have not seen Forrest, the Watsonian, but report speaks highly of him.

Forbes is quite young, but the Scotch executive have not allowed that fact to deter them from playing a man if he is good enough. Willie Neilson was still at school when he first appeared for his country, and the splendid Scotch team of 1891 was mainly composed of players who were under twenty-two years of age.

Wales picked the same fifteen that defeated England, and they could hardly have taken any other course, though personally I should have dropped Rees, who is disposed to take too many liberties with the game. There is a likelihood that Jones, the Swansea half-back, who was hurt last Saturday, will be unable to play, and the first reserve, Trevel, is also on the injured list. If neither can turn out the post will be taken by R. A. Gibbs, of Penarth.

Further progress will be made with the County Championship to-day. Two games are set for decision, and it is fairly safe to assume that the winners of the Durham and Lancashire matches will be the champions in the Northern division. Last year Durham beat Lancashire by a goal and a try to two tries—just the difference of a successful place-kick. TOUCH JUDGE.

## NORTHERN UNION MATCHES.

### Great Battles Will Be Fought To-day at Bradford and Oldham.

To-day finds the three leading Northern Union clubs figuring on their own grounds so that there is a reasonable prospect of the trio retaining their status, although Oldham's supporters, not a little taken aback by the debacle at Widnes, remember with some misgivings that twelve months ago Salford's visit to Watershead resulted in the home club being deprived of two points, a solitary goal-kick representing the whole of the scoring.

Between the Salford of that day and the present representation of the Royal Borough there is, however, a wide disparity. From an Oldham point of view

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"All" Barrett, who has been the club's lone season after assisting Salford eight years. Altogether Barrett has seen twenty years' service, and yet, so keen is he, has promised to assist a junior club in the Manchester district for the rest of the season.

The Rangers have made two changes from last week, Woodward and Whitehead displacing Horton and Riddick, while the Rovers have completely reorganised their back division, Carmichael superseding Sinclair at back and the latter figuring in the three-quarter line. Winneany and Chambers reappear in the side.

If collateral form be not belied, Warrington should easily overcome their old rivals, the Runcorn "Linnets," whose days in the First Division are numbered unless there comes about an upheaval of form. In the corresponding match last season Warrington won by 18 points to nil, and the ubiquitous Fish will need to be well attended to or some such score will be run up on this occasion.

Seeing that Halifax showed such improved form against Broughton Rangers a week ago, Hull can hardly be regarding the appearance of the Cup-holders at the Third Port with equanimity, and indeed, if the Halifax forwards shape as well as at Wethers' Field, it may go hard with the home lot. Hull, however, demonstrated at Leigh that they are slow to acknowledge defeat.

Quite an event in Northern Union circles this week has been the resignation of Anthony Stone, the veteran Hull Kingston Rovers forward, and though after sixteen

years' strenuous service the popular Yorkshireman may be said to have well earned his rest many will be found wishing, as a matter of sentiment, that the pressure being brought to bear on him by the Rovers' officials will cause him to remain in harness.

Kingston Rovers figure in another little matter which has cropped up this week—the decision of the Rugby Union Commission in the matter of Robinson, one of their old players, and the Handsworth club, and there is talk of further revelations of a like character.

The bona fides of a Harrogate player are now in question, and it is averred that not a few players actively connected with Rugby Union organisations have been the recipients of Northern Union gold.

At Swinton, for instance, enthusiasts cannot understand why a certain member of the Welsh team playing against Scotland to-day should have his amateurism allowed to go unchallenged, since he has not only signed a Northern Union form on behalf of the village club, but turned out at price with the team.

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## RUGBY.

### INTERNATIONAL MATCH.

Edinburgh: Scotland v. Wales.

COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP.

Northumberland v. Cum. Durham v. Lancashire.

berland.

### OTHER MATCHES.

Harlequins v. Leicester.

London Scottish v. Northampton.

London Hospital v. Old.

Leysian v. London Irish.

Blackheath v. London Irish.

London Welsh v. Devonport.

Albion v. Marlborough.

Roslin Park v. Devonport.

Nomada.

### NORTHERN UNION.

LEAGUE.—Division I.

St. Helens v. Batley.

Bradford v. Leeds.

Broughton R. v. Hull K.R.

Hull v. Halifax.

Swinton v. Hunslet.

### Division II.

Barrow v. Brighouse.

Keighley v. Castleford.

Dewsbury v. York.



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*Other Small Advertisements on page 15.*